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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES	281	LEADING ARTICLES (<i>continued</i>) :		REVIEWS :	
LEADING ARTICLES :		Concerning Taste	292	The Essence of the Commonplace	299
"The Eleventh Hour"	285	An American Musical Critic. By J. F. R.	292	The Manufacture of History	300
Cardinal Vaughan and Social Reform	286	FINANCE	294	A Greek Anthology	301
The Wheat Crop	286	CORRESPONDENCE :		Shrewsbury School	301
French v. English	287	The French Language. By "Curiosus"		History on a Geographical Basis	302
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES :		and A. J. Butler	296	Founding a Great Colony	303
The Goethe Celebration	287	English Penmanship. By Mohammed		A Bishop in Partibus	303
Partridge Shooting	289	Omar Dollié	296	Gold Mines	304
Savonarola	290	Elementary Education. By Frank S.		NOVELS	305
The Shadows of Summer	291	Adkins	297	NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	306
		Let Well Alone. By W. Hale White	298	SCHOOL BOOKS	307

NOTES.

It would be idle to disguise the acuteness of the Transvaal crisis, of which the daily Press gives an inadequate impression. Her Majesty's Government have instructed Sir Alfred Milner to inquire whether Mr. Kruger intends to make the abandonment or modification by England of the suzerainty a condition of reform; and if so, immediately to break off negotiations. A number of English officers are leaving to-day for the Cape, and it is arranged provisionally that Sir Redvers Buller shall leave this day week to take the command in South Africa. Naturally the action of the Portuguese Government in allowing Mr. Kruger's arms and ammunition to go through has made the situation no smoother. It can hardly do other than cause the enemy to stiffen his back, for his main difficulty is now removed. He now not only has Mauser rifles but bullets for them too.

The Portuguese action disposes once for all of the vague but prevalent talk that has been going on of understandings and arrangements as to Delagoa Bay. We have said all along that such talk was entirely foolish to any one conversant with the attitude of mind of Portuguese politicians and the feeling of the Portuguese people. England has no hold over Portugal; and though one could have hoped that a sense of British might would have deterred Portugal from playing into the hands of our opponents, there is no reason for any great surprise at what has happened. It is not so many years since Lord Salisbury checkmated Portugal in Africa; and there is doubtless more than one European Power who would not be sorry to put a spoke in England's wheel. Moreover, Mr. Schreiner's explanation of his action in allowing munitions of war to pass through Cape Colony to the Orange Free State not unnaturally would confirm the Lisbon authorities in their decision.

When M. de Freycinet appeared in court on Tuesday morning, his friends expected to hear him give some interesting news about the thirty-five millions supplied by England and Germany to aid the "Semitic" cause. General Mercier had aroused this expectation some days before; but both he and his colleagues were doomed to disappointment. It seems that on the

morning after his retirement, M. de Freycinet told General Jamont that his government had known for a fact that the "Syndicate" received outside resources, and that they, more than anything, enable the Dreyfusards to carry on their campaign. So positively was this spoken that General Jamont repeated the conversation to General Mercier; both imagined of course that M. de Freycinet had convincing proofs. But when Maître Labori took the late Minister of War in hand, his statement turned out to be the wildest and most worthless that has yet been introduced into the Dreyfus case, unless it be Lebrun Renault's story of the confession. He had only his "idea" to offer; and eventually was obliged to confess that he could neither name a single sum forwarded to the "Syndicate" from abroad nor even produce proofs of a single farthing being sent.

The admission caused a great sensation; and, among anti-Dreyfusards, profound dismay. For two years their organs have not ceased to accuse England and Germany of being in collusion with the "Syndicate"; some have even gone so far as to publish a list of the contributions received from London, Berlin, and other towns. In the "Intransigeant," M. Rochefort used to tell us that every Jew abroad was invited by the Rabbi to assist the fund; but that the invitation was always couched in so peremptory a tone that it amounted to blackmail. He, like his confrères, expected M. de Freycinet to prove the accusation; he, like Generals Jamont and Mercier, must be bitterly disappointed.

On Thursday we learnt that General Mercier had been trying to repeat his foul crime of 1894 by putting before the eyes of the judges, without due notice, a fraudulent document which, were it true, would prove Captain Dreyfus to be guilty. It was an incorrect translation of Colonel Panizzardi's telegram, done by Colonel du Paty de Clam, and presented by him to General Mercier before he left for Rennes. The exposure took place during Maître Labori's cross-examination of the General who, it was proved, had given the document to General Chamoin; hoping, of course, that it would find its way into the hands of the President of the Court-Martial. The case was clear; and the whole truth of the conspiracy between Colonel du Paty de Clam and General Mercier might have come out if Colonel Jouaust had not stopped

Maitre Labori with the invariable reproof that his questions had "nothing to do with the Dreyfus case." This is a good example of the attitude that the President has taken up throughout the trial; he has always done his utmost to protect the generals. And had he a less determined advocate than Maitre Labori to deal with, we fear that his support of the witnesses for the prosecution would be more pronounced.

Although every one of these witnesses has come out badly up to now, and been proved to be guilty of at least malice or cowardice, none will suffer more in the end than General Mercier. No steps will be taken in his, or any other case, until the trial is over; if Captain Dreyfus be acquitted, it is even possible that, for the sake of peace and order, General Mercier and others will escape the punishment they so justly deserve and be allowed to go free. Nevertheless, their names will bear an ineffaceable stain; and it is to be hoped that they will be obliged to quit the army. Some say that if the Conseil de Guerre refuses to believe in the Captain's guilt, the generals, aided by the Nationalist and anti-Semitic parties, will attempt to appoint a military dictatorship; but as M. Waldeck-Rousseau and General Galliffet would soon get wind of the plot, it is not in the least likely to succeed. In the meanwhile, we are assured by the Dreyfusard press that General Mercier has made preparations to leave the country, and that his goal will be England. He will be accompanied by his wife, who is English; and is said to have already bought an estate. We hope, however, that this rumour is as false as that which reported General Mercier to be in Jersey. Captain Dreyfus' chief accuser would be an even more unwelcome guest than Esterhazy.

Even Colonel Jouaust could not refrain from smiling on Saturday when M. Bertillon made his appearance with his "box of tricks." Long before the court at Rennes was opened to the public, the ushers were busily laying out his maps, plans, and endless paraphernalia; and, when M. Bertillon was ready to make his deposition, he presented the appearance of a conjurer. He spoke for hours; but it would need a marvellous mind to seize and explain the subtleties of his system and to show how they had been applied to the Dreyfus case. He had to admit, however, that Esterhazy's writing bore a strong resemblance to that of the bordereau; but, like the generals before him, declared on his "honour and conscience" that he still believed it to be the work of Captain Dreyfus. Still, no one cares much what M. Bertillon believes; his system has been proved to be at fault on several occasions, and so his testimony is of small value. Nor was another declaration of his more convincing. Captain Dreyfus, he said, had always proved himself to be a man of extraordinary self-possession; and yet when he (Bertillon) had delivered his dissertation on the bordereau the Captain exclaimed "Oh! the scoundrel." This, he submitted, was a sign of guilty agitation.

Experts in handwriting have often made themselves supremely ridiculous in English Courts, but our most egregious practitioners of the art must be envious of M. Bertillon's supreme effort. In England their reputation has been so much blown on that they hardly dare go into the witness-box. Counsel have a nasty way of asking—Did you swear in such a trial such a document was in the hand of so and so? And so on with five or six questions, the answers to which show decisively that Jury or Judge did not believe the experts and contemptuously rejected their evidence. Even if all the experts in the Dreyfus case instead of being divided in opinion were unanimous, it would be iniquitous to condemn a man on mere handwriting evidence. There used to be two famous experts in England—famous until their art like palmistry and astrology fell into disrepute—Chabot and Nethercliffe. Speaking of them the late Mr. Montagu Williams said he had examined them and all their fellows and had nearly always caught them napping. His opinion, worth a great deal, was that they were utterly unreliable. The two once swore that a post-card was in the writing of a certain person: and proved it to demonstration; but it happened that a gentleman of high position in the city

went into the box and swore that it was in the hand of his own son.

Captain Freystätter's qualifications for sitting upon a court-martial were very remarkable. He was to weigh evidence for and against the prisoner and yet he was not aware that it was illegal to communicate to the judges for the purpose of enabling them to decide as to guilt or innocence documents which the prisoner had never had an opportunity of seeing. Even if the documents had been absolutely genuine instead of most of them being forgeries, as they have since been proved to be, the youngest officer entitled by the military law to sit on a court-martial might have been expected to know he was taking part in an impossible situation. What education in the merest elements of military law can French officers be supplied with? As an honest man he of course thought his mind was not influenced by the secret documents but wholly by the testimony of the hand-writing experts and the depositions of other witnesses—Major Henry for example. Here again Captain Freystätter's legal studies are shown to be extremely elementary, as he would be aware that judges knowing well how even apparently unimportant facts may bias jurymen have often quashed convictions when such facts have been improperly admitted in evidence without any proof that they have actually had that effect.

The German Emperor's second thoughts were best and he prorogued the Prussian Diet on Tuesday without playing into the hands of the East Prussian Junkers by any violent attack on them for their defeat of the Canal Bill. He simply expressed his "deepest regret" at the fate of the Bill, his "unswerving firmness" in pressing the scheme forward and his conviction that it will ultimately be possible to come to an understanding on the subject with the Diet. The Emperor in fact recognises that there is nothing to be gained by quarrelling with all parties in turn, nor is it his fault that owing to the Bismarckian policy of undermining Parliamentary leaders he finds himself reduced to depend on a group so stupid and impracticable as the Agrarians. His real task we must repeat is to create a working Government majority similar to that with which Prince Bismarck carried on the Government in the seventies. It is not an easy task, for the Ultramontanes and the Socialists are strong and well organised and are both hostile to the present arrangement of things in kingdom and Empire. It will require steady and patient work to detach sufficient adherents from these two groups to render a Government majority possible, but short of suspending the Constitution altogether there seems to be no other course before the Emperor.

The struggle between Germany and Russia in Constantinople is likely to result after all in a substantial benefit to England in Asia Minor, or rather to the Anglo-Hungarian railway syndicate. German overconfidence led to bullying and the Sultan has shown his displeasure by falling back on his old game by playing one Power off against the other. Germany wants the Bagdad railway to take the northern route from Angora via Sivas and Diar-bekr and the Sultan was inclined to favour this course for military reasons, the frontier he wants to defend being on the north-east beyond Erzeroum and not in the south. But for the same reason Russia objects to it and she enforced her objection with her familiar arguments—payment of the indemnity and repatriation of the Armenians. So the Sultan according to the latest news is likely to leave Russia and Germany to fight it out and to give the concession to M. Rehnitzner who backed by English money proposes to make Alexandretta the terminus of the railway and to construct it thence south-east to Bagdad via Aleppo and north-west to Skutari via Konieh. It would be strange if the old scheme of the Euphrates Valley railway to India should thus be carried through after all.

The news from Finland is very bad: it would seem that the pan-slavist section have quite gained the upper hand and the Tsar is being carried forward, a helpless puppet in their hands. The central pillar of Finnish autonomy has always been the office of Secretary of

State for Finland, the official who has the ear of the Tsar and who acts as the intermediary between St. Petersburg and Helsingfors. That Finland did not long ago share the fate of Poland is largely owing to the fact that during the first sixty-five years of the union between the two States this important post was held in succession by two strong and prudent men, Count Rehinder and Count Armfeld. It is since Count Armfeld's death that the trouble has grown for the Russian officials whose fingers are itching to be in the Finnish treasury have not been confronted by statesmen of sufficient experience and strength to withstand their aggressions. The late secretary von Dähn resigned last year as a protest against the unconstitutional Army Bill and now a mere Russian official has been appointed to a post that has always been held by a Finn. Russification will now go on apace, the Tsar's oath notwithstanding, and Finland will taste the bitterness of stupid and unintelligent tyranny.

President McKinley still hesitates to make any definite announcement as to the ultimate destiny reserved for Cuba and the Philippines, but he indulges from time to time in vague heroics which may serve to satisfy the votaries of "spread-eagleism." Thus we find him addressing the 10th Pennsylvania Regiment "who remained battling until others arrived." To European notions of military obligation it would have seemed strange if they had not. There would, he said, be no useless parley until the insurrection was suppressed for "the Philippines are ours as much as Louisiana by purchase or Texas or Alaska." The analogy hardly satisfies the historical conscience for in the case of the Philippines the inhabitants were in revolt against Spain and, rightly or wrongly, the troops of the United States ostensibly went to assist them. It certainly sounds strange in the mouth of the politicians who are never tired of citing the grandiloquent sentiments of the Declaration of Independence, this assertion of the right to purchase a country from its former rulers against the wish of the inhabitants. There is no analogy at all with Alaska. It should be sought rather in the exploits of the French Revolutionaries who overran and appropriated European States in the name of Liberty.

It was a strange instance of political irony that the same day which brought intelligence of Mr. McKinley's oration brought also an account from the correspondent of the "New York Herald" of the real state of affairs in the Philippines between the Filipinos and their "liberators." "Even the non-combatants," he says, "hate us." This is hardly to be wondered at if his statement is correct that the taxes are higher than under Spanish rule, that living expenses have doubled, that murders have increased and that the administration is tyrannical and inefficient because the officials are ignorant of the language. Knowing what we do of the administration in some parts of the States we should hesitate to put down its failure in the Philippines to language alone. The correspondent goes on to charge the accounts sent to America from official sources as garbled. The desire of the natives for American rule is not the fact, though officially announced, and all the tales of insurgent losses are unworthy of credit. Needless to say this despatch escaped the attention of the military censorship by passing to New York via Hong Kong. It is not surprising after this to note a revival of the ridiculous proposal that Great Britain should relieve the States of her share of the "white man's burden," in return (we may suppose) for some islands already peacefully organised under English rule.

How well or how badly the efforts we have made to win American friendship have succeeded may be gathered from the proceedings of the "Ohio State Democratic Convention." On Wednesday the "Anglo-Saxon Entente" was denounced as a "vicious secret Alliance," and it is clear that in the vigorous campaign the Democratic Party are about to wage against the President's Foreign Policy England will be made to figure as the Mephistopheles who has tempted the Republican Faust into the seductive entanglements of a

spirited Foreign Policy. Though quite conscious of the absurdity of such a charge, we have always doubted the attitude of our Government towards the aggressive policy of the Republican Party. England will gain the gratitude of that section of the party alone which was bent on foreign conquest and little enough from them, if the Alaskan negotiations be any criterion. What little we have gained we shall lose directly it suits the Republican jingoes to throw us over. Meanwhile it is worth observing that an election was held in the eighth Congressional District of Missouri this week. This was the first election to the Federal Legislature since the Philippine problem came to the front and was fought on Foreign Policy alone. The candidate of the Administration was beaten by nearly 3,000 votes.

Neither the extent nor the degree of crop failure in Western India is yet definitely declared and it is still possible that serious calamity may be averted. The prospect is not altogether discouraging. So far it would seem that the threatened tracts are not those which suffered in the recent famine and which would therefore enter a fresh struggle with diminished power of resistance. In the Central Provinces where any new outbreak would be most disastrous the forecast has improved, while Central India, the granary of the past, should stand the loss of a single harvest without serious suffering. The country is well stocked with grain, the new canal tracts of the Punjab must be full of surplus food, and the financial position of the Government is strong. Famine relief is mainly a matter of money now: the organisation is practically complete.

The usual autumn farce of "Irish reunion" is again to the fore in the Dublin papers. It will be remembered that it was Mr. Healy who wrecked the Mansion House Unity Conference in April last, so it is naturally Mr. Healy who now reopens the subject in a vicious letter in which he criticises Mr. Dillon's "tactics" carried out with a view of "prolonging paralysis" in the party. Having thus shown his forgiving and conciliatory spirit Mr. Healy proposes the holding of a fresh conference for the discussion of reunion and asks Mr. Redmond to ask some one else to summon such a committee. Mr. Redmond accordingly while disclaiming all responsibility in the matter passes on the proposal to the secretaries of the Mansion House Conference pointing out at the same time that the precise proposal now made by Mr. Healy was brought before the Conference—and was wrecked by Mr. Healy himself. Having thus emphasised the futility of the proposal Mr. Redmond washes his hands of it and the editors of the three rival papers are already sharpening their pens for the congenial task familiar since the days of O'Connell of "fighting like devils for conciliation."

We have a suggestion to make on this unity question. The "front bench" gentlemen who have been so busy for years past denouncing each other are wasting their breath. Ireland will never unite without a programme and a leader and she has neither. Mr. Dillon is a mere joint in the English Radical tail and—to put it mildly—he is not a clever man. Mr. Healy is diabolically clever but he has none of that personal magnetism that makes a leader. Mr. Redmond is clever and magnetic too but he has no following. Mr. Davitt and Mr. O'Brien are talking big in Mayo and shouting themselves hoarse in defying the Government to prosecute them but the Government wisely takes no notice. The old cries are worn out and the old leaders too.

But there is one matter about which Irishmen all over the country are talking and thinking and that is the practical working of the new county and district councils. The man who comprehends captures and directs this sentiment will be the leader of the Irish people. Poor Law Reform, sanitation, technical education and agricultural and industrial development, these are the matters in which the councils can act and they are likely to make mistakes for lack of guidance. Sir Thomas Esmonde with his Central Council has found a solution and provided

a rallying point for the reformers. Mr. Horace Plunkett has done much and is popular but he labours under what is for this purpose a fatal defect in that he is a Unionist. But Sir Thomas Esmonde is a Nationalist. He is young, well-bred, and good-looking, and he is Henry Grattan's grandson. What more does an Irish leader want? Our suggestion is that Sir Thomas Esmonde should leave his present leaders to fight it out, and should devote himself heart and soul to the task of bringing the new councils into line and giving direction and voice to their policy, and we prophesy that if he does this he will find himself on the hundredth anniversary of the Union the most influential man in Ireland.

The Salisbury manœuvres, which come to an end this week, have been well and sensibly carried out. All through there has been a commendable absence of fuss and worry and the troops have not been too hardly worked. Sir C. Mansfield Clarke has been an excellent director-in-chief and the country is likely to possess in him an exceptionally able Quartermaster-General. The Adjutant-General who witnessed the last days of the manœuvres kept strangely in the background and was only to be met with in woods and byways. It is curious but nevertheless true—to judge from what took place at Salisbury—that peace manœuvres are by no means always calculated to add to the laurels which distinguished officers have gained in real though savage warfare. Of the troops engaged, such a battalion as the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, in which the men average five years' service, is rarely seen. The fact that they wore khaki suggests the desirability of issuing such clothing to all troops at home for manœuvre purposes and rough work. The French soldier possesses a somewhat similar suit and so undoubtedly should the British.

One of the first fruits of Australian Federation appears to be the conference of naval officials recently held at Melbourne. Representatives of Queensland, New South Wales, South Australia, and Victoria were present; the principal subject under discussion was how best to amalgamate the several systems of naval defence at present existent in the different Colonies. This of course includes the institution of a general and uniform scheme of recruiting, instruction, drill, and training of the Colonies' Naval Reserve. The conference was, we think, distinctly on the "right tack" in recommending that the Admiralty should station effective warships, for training purposes, at the principal Australian ports; but, having in view past refusals on the part of their Lordships—notably the rebuff administered to the Auckland (N. Z.) Harbour Board when only asking for an obsolete hulk, we doubt success crowning patriotic effort in this particular direction. On the other hand we cannot agree with the recommendation of the conference that the war-vessels constituting the Colonial Force should be "maintained and controlled by the Federal Government." The matter of maintenance is obviously a subject for mutual arrangement; but, in these days of Imperialism, to limit the sphere of action of any portion of the Empire's forces is, happily, a policy only realisable in the dreams of the most little of Little Englanders.

The Nonconformist Conscience is heavily burdened just now. The Ritualist at home and the Jingo in South Africa should make it to weep sorely. Drs. Clifford and Newman Hall are lashing the preachers into action and we may expect shortly to hear the iniquities of the Government and the virtues of the Boers expounded in numerous chapels throughout the country. Yet all sensible men are agreed that the root of the Transvaal difficulty lies in that triumph of the Nonconformist Conscience which followed the British disaster at Majuba Hill. Canon Knox Little is right in saying that a similar triumph now would mean either the loss of British supremacy in that part of the world or within a few years a desperate racial war. Happily, there are many Nonconformists (and preachers amongst them) whose conscience is not "Nonconformist," and they take a commonsense view of South African matters.

Cardinal Vaughan credits his audiences with little knowledge and less intelligence. There is still the note of somewhat contemptuous patronage in Roman Catholic references to England. We are poor blinded folk who went astray at the Reformation and have ever since been paying the price of our folly. Such orations as the Cardinal's drive us to comparisons with the countries of the Roman obedience, from which we commonly refrain as idle if not odious. We have our problems and our scandals but we do not see that they are conspicuously absent in the countries where Cardinal Vaughan's Church is predominant. Would it not have been wiser in the Cardinal to wait for the Dreyfus drama to be forgotten before congratulating himself on being a Roman and not like other men or even as we poor Anglicans?

Lord Halifax's letter to the lay members of the English Church Union is a lamentable and untimely document. It will neither help the cause of ecclesiastical peace nor lessen the suspicions with which honest Anglicans regard the extreme "Ritualists." The gist of Lord Halifax's advice is disobedience wherever possible, grudging and partial obedience where obedience cannot be averted. He does not scruple to impugn the good faith of the Archbishops, whom he directly accuses of yielding to "the rancours of a profane and blasphemous agitator and his followers, and the threats of sometimes ignorant and prejudiced, but always contentious, political partisans." We cordially accept Lord Halifax's description of the Protestant campaign, but we repudiate entirely his suggestion that the Archbishops' decision is a concession to such campaigners.

But the "crisis" for all its exaggeration by newspapers and aggravation by politicians has not drained the Church of its life. There must be plenty of spiritual force at work for a vicar to calculate that he can most powerfully attract the services of a curate—now so hard to get—by the following description of the parish's advantages: "A vicar unknown—only rooms available in the parish are at the mission house, with police stretcher perpetually at the workhouse door opposite, the backyard of a women's lodging-house behind, with frequent concerts—a pokey little parish church only suitable for a mission room—innumerable cases of unhappiness which can only be removed by years of personal influence." Pop. 6,000 in area of 14 acres. This makes a pleasant contrast to the old advertisements of advowsons for sale which invariably set forth the smallness of population and the lightness of duty with sundry references to lawn tennis and county society. S. Michael's, Southwark, must be in similar case with S. Andrew's, Bethnal Green—a church which has shown the maximum of work for the minimum of means. It would be a scandal if its clergy found any difficulty in raising the balance required to enable them to earn the Bishop of London's grant of £300 toward the £700 required for repairs to the church of the most elementary necessity.

All owners of horses should read the report of the departmental committee appointed by the Board of Agriculture to consider means for dealing more effectually with glanders. The Board of Agriculture has been so completely successful in its work against cattle-disease, and is making such excellent progress in its swine-fever campaign, that we may hope with good reason for similar favourable results from the course of action now suggested against the plague which has been, and still is, causing so much loss amongst horses. The main proposal, as was to be expected, is that the slaughter of all horses showing clinical symptoms of glanders should be made compulsory. Experience has proved beyond dispute that nothing short of this drastic measure can be effective. The proposals for notification of disease by veterinary surgeons and by owners should be screwed up to a far more effective point than they have been hitherto, if the work of stamping out the disease is to be at all thorough. The proposals for compensation to owners seem to us to be eminently fair and reasonable, and they should obviate any possible complaint of owners against the drastic character of the suggested regulations for destruction.

"THE ELEVENTH HOUR."

NO sane person will be disposed to feel surprise if a certain impatience has been manifest at the prolongation of the Transvaal difficulty. Public opinion in this country has been settled for so long as to the main points in the controversy that there is a not unnatural reluctance to accept any delay, especially when delay has obvious dangers. But it is quite clear that the eleventh hour having been reached, a pause must ensue before the final stroke sounds. The vital point is in what manner Mr. Kruger will utilise the moments that remain, whether we are to expect a complete surrender, open defiance or further evasions. The second is by no means so improbable a solution as may be imagined. Although the officially inspired German press bears out what we stated last week that neither sympathy nor assistance was to be looked for from that quarter, if the President continued obstinate, yet Mr. Kruger, in certain contingencies, would be ready at the present moment to take the desperate plunge, relying on his ability to arm the disaffected in South Africa and raise a racial war. The decision of the Portuguese Government to allow the passage of his munitions of war through their territory has unfortunately made this possible, and they who knew the frantic and persistent attempts that were made to bend the will of Portugal can alone realise how vital has been the attitude of that State to the direction which the South African Question will take during the next few weeks.

There is another aspect of the situation which they who are disposed to be impatient of delay might well take into consideration. If Mr. Kruger should compel us to take up arms to enforce the demands of justice such a force must be employed as would bring the struggle to a sharp and adequate conclusion. The paramount Power cannot afford to risk a long and desultory struggle in South Africa, inflaming racial animosity and encouraging native disaffection. The force must be more than adequate. To dispatch such a body of troops from this country, even with 10,000 as a contingent from India, in addition to the forces already in South Africa both regulars and volunteers, would of necessity mean the calling out of the Reserves. It is unnecessary to point out that this involves the summoning of Parliament. The gravest possibility arising from delay is the growth of unrest among the native population. Happily this danger has not escaped the vigilance of the Government, whose attitude is no longer capable of misrepresentation or doubt, while the speech of the Colonial Secretary has put at rest any fears, if such existed, that any compromise can be considered which does not involve an absolute acceptance of Sir Alfred Milner's minimum, accompanied with adequate guarantees and unaccompanied with any concessions by the paramount Power. In short the complete demonstration of our dominant position to all South Africa. The few adherents whom Mr. Kruger's Batavian simplicity can still claim in this country strangely point the moral of admitting sentiment as the controlling force in political affairs. These votaries of passion and prejudice in their Corybantic frenzy take account neither of facts nor reason. The calm study of a few Blue-books or the smallest trouble taken to inform himself as to constitutional practice would have saved Mr. Frederic Harrison from making an egregious exhibition of himself in the columns of a daily paper. The newspaper which egged on to disaster the race it ignorantly deemed "Hellenic" might have forborne to encourage another small State in an equally fatal course, and have saved us the infliction of Mr. Harrison's rhetoric. That gentleman must be either extraordinarily ignorant of current events or deplorably disingenuous. He may not improbably be unaware that during the present crisis no step is taken except with the direct cognisance of Lord Salisbury, as is the fact, but he might at least have read Lord Salisbury's declaration in the House of Lords, made shortly before the prorogation in which he took a stronger line than even Mr. Chamberlain. Instead of doing so he has adopted the ridiculous fiction, now discarded even by the French press, that Mr. Chamberlain is a reckless firebrand hurrying Lord Salisbury into conflicts he would fain avoid. How does

Mr. Harrison think Lord Salisbury could have settled the Fashoda difficulty, for which he so much commends him, had he not forced the French Government to recognise that he was prepared to appeal to force? And finally, if Mr. Harrison had taken the trouble to read the despatches from South Africa, which is the "absolute minimum" we can ask of the supporters of Mr. Kruger over here, he would not have ventured on the statement that the Boers "have already conceded the whole of the original demand made on them, and have even added more." We only allude to this statement of Mr. Frederic Harrison's because it puts in the crudest form the only argument which the supporters of the Boer oligarchy in this country have to urge against the continued application of steady pressure by the Government. It seems hardly necessary to repeat that Sir Alfred Milner's minimum never assumed the form of a five years' franchise pure and simple. His lowest demand was a five years' franchise accompanied by adequate guarantees and resulting in an "immediate and effectual" representation of Uitlanders in the Raad. Any one who takes the trouble to read the account of the Bloemfontein Conference will see that this was the bone of contention throughout and that when any offer was made by Mr. Kruger it was rendered nugatory by a proposal for counter-concessions on our side. The High Commissioner's comment upon this was, "However much I may desire to come to a settlement about the question of the position of the Uitlander population, I will not buy such a settlement." Her Majesty's Government cannot take up any other attitude. They cannot "buy" concessions which they demand of right and Mr. Kruger's diplomatic proposals since the Conference have all been accompanied by requests for concessions by way of set-off, concessions which Sir Alfred Milner had categorically declared at Bloemfontein to be inadmissible.

Mr. Kruger's aim throughout has been to make a distinction between two classes of citizens. The only object of Her Majesty's Government has been to ascertain whether or no the proposals of reform offered will in fact do away with this distinction. To this end Mr. Chamberlain proposed the Commission to inquire into the exact scope of Mr. Kruger's Franchise Bill. This most reasonable proposal being rejected nothing remains but to press for the minimum plus guarantees. Mr. Kruger can still show that he is sincere and is making a genuine offer of citizenship. Let him dismantle the forts round Johannesburg and let him give all citizens alike the right to carry arms. Indeed such guarantees flow naturally from the grant of citizenship. If Mr. Kruger really intends new and old burghers to be equal he would at once remove the most grievous oppression to which civilised beings can be subject, the refusal of the right of self-protection, a position too which would be hopelessly illogical were his offers honestly intended.

The mere grant of the franchise was never held out as settling all matters of controversy between the Transvaal and ourselves. It was only to afford a "broad basis" for discussing their friendly arrangement, though it is true that an "immediate and adequate" franchise would enable us to leave the adjustment of many grievances to the Uitlanders themselves. Should Mr. Kruger fail to use wisely the few fateful moments which are left to him, we must then take the settlement into our own hands and undertake to remove the grievances which the Uitlander population has been suffering under for years. We do not exhaust Sir Alfred Milner's list when we mention the Dynamite Monopoly, the Aliens Law, the Press Law, the illicit Liquor Traffic, educational disabilities, local and sanitary maladministration, incompetent police, the crusade against the English language, the uncertainty of the law, and the dependence of the Courts on the Government. Surely a startling category of grievances for British subjects to endure in a country where England is the suzerain! Does any one imagine that a Government which refuses to guarantee a very moderate grant of the franchise will be prepared to take in hand and rectify such a complication of accumulated abuses? But the immediate question is does Mr. Kruger really mean to insist on the abrogation of the Suzerainty as the condition of all reform? If so we must occupy the country and

revert to the state of things which existed before the Convention of 1881 and that of 1884 which flowed from it. These instruments were founded on the solemn promises of Mr. Kruger that British subjects, after the Convention as before, should have equal rights with the Boers. If Mr. Kruger insists on linking even the most tardy fulfilment of these promises with what he knows to be an impossible condition nothing can avert the extinction of the Transvaal Government in its present form.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN AND SOCIAL REFORM.

THE Roman Catholic Church in England is admirably adapted for the advocacy of social reform. It is, to begin with, a very small body, including something between a fifteenth and a twentieth of the population, as Cardinal Vaughan incidentally admitted when he stated that of the five million children of school age his co-religionists numbered but 300,000. Its members, again, are mostly found in the great towns where they form the most squalid and poverty-stricken section of the people. Between this main body of the poor, almost wholly Irish and foreign, and the Roman Catholic upper class there can scarcely be said to exist any middle section. The most unteachable and reluctant part of society, when questions of social reform are in debate, has little place in the Roman Catholic camp. The very poor and the very élite are both there and both are the least commercial and most sentimental of mankind. Moreover the Roman Church in England is very highly organised: there are indeed few elements of independence to be brought into subjection, the situation of a small semi-foreign denomination in the midst of a large and suspicious majority is favourable to strict discipline, and all the traditions of an unpopular and, until recent times oppressed community make for solidarity. The late Cardinal Manning thoroughly appreciated the advantages of his position and used them with such effect that he drew to himself and to his Church an amount of popular interest and even of political influence greatly out of proportion to the actual numbers of Roman Catholics. With the great Cardinal's death this advantageous position seemed to be tacitly abandoned; a curious reaction against his policy manifested itself in Roman Catholic circles and even his memory was not spared. Cardinal Vaughan's inaugural address at the annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society may perhaps indicate that the reaction has spent its force and that the Roman Church is again designing to take a prominent place in the advocacy of social reform.

The address at Stockport was a very characteristic performance. It began with a rhetorical and exaggerated description of the ills of modern society which it traced, as might have been expected, to the Reformation. "The suppression of the monasteries and the guilds, the transference of their lands and of the great commons of England to the rich created a lackland and beggared poor." This of course is the burden of William Cobbett's vigorous but often scurrilous pamphlets. It is not undeserving of notice that the Roman Catholic press has recently issued an edition of Cobbett's "History of the Reformation," in which this view is set out at length and with surprising audacity. The loss of the Abbey lands, we are told, explains the immigration of the rural population into the towns and thus lies at the root of the social problem. The Cardinal dilates on the miseries of the urban poor, on their wrongs, their sufferings, and their abominable depravity. Especially he fixes attention on their wretched houses and the drink traffic which battens on their vice. Few who have any personal knowledge of London and the greater provincial towns will be disposed to resent the vehement language in which his Eminence indulged: but many will find it difficult to endorse his sweeping accusation of the upper classes as the true authors of popular misery and crime. Social diseases rarely have such simple explanations. The evils of the drink traffic, "another product of a utilitarian age and of organised egotism," are described in the familiar style of Exeter Hall and move the Cardinal to the most revolutionary sentiment of the speech.

"While we strenuously defend the sacred rights of private property, how can we defend the property that depends for its value upon the physical and religious ruin of a countless number of human bodies and souls?" Old age pensions ought to be provided by special taxation of large incomes. The Cardinal avows himself an advocate of a graduated income-tax, and attributes to "the absence of Christian foresight and charity" among rich men the necessity of "agitation and strikes, setting class against class, and ever widening the chasm between capital and labour." All this, it must be admitted, is rather crude and slightly childish, nor are we quite sure that it is quite serious. Its purpose, perhaps, has been served when it has led the way to the polemical climax, which is the real interest of the Cardinal's mind. "But by far the worst charge, to his mind, that could be brought by the poor against the powerful classes in times past was that they robbed the people of the religion which had taught them the true view of life." It is interesting to find that when, in the latter portion of his address, the speaker commends the work of the Catholic Social Union and other philanthropic societies, he finds himself compelled, in spite of himself, to pay a tribute to the "religious and philanthropic members of the Universities and of the public schools of England and other earnest Protestant men and women" who "long since had been horrified and roused to action by what they had heard or seen of the deplorable condition created for the poor during the last three centuries." He admits that "Catholics had followed" the example of those whom he has been describing by implication and even directly as representatives of that false and godless system, to which all the ills of society are ultimately due.

Cardinal Vaughan's proselytising zeal is so keen that we doubt his competence to lead a serious movement for social reform. His conception of the social problem, however well it may lend itself to effective rhetorical statement, is at bottom so narrow and even so false that it could never inspire a practical policy. To hold up to the modern Englishman as the ideal of society the half-civilised community of the Middle Ages is to insult his intelligence: to propose the dominance of the Roman hierarchy as the condition of social well-being and political wisdom is to contradict the evidence of notorious contemporary facts. It is only the portentous ignorance or still more portentous prejudices of his audiences that preserves the Cardinal's orations from that "inextinguishable laughter" which, as serious proposals, they certainly merit. Serious proposals they are not; but only the more or less plausible sophistries of proselytism. They may, however, serve a useful purpose, for, with whatever motives, they point men to the necessity of grappling with the urgent and formidable problems of urban life. The overcrowding of the poor is a fact, whatever its cause may be, the degrading effect of the drink-traffic is a fact, whose-soever the responsibility may be. The highest ends of political activity must be henceforward found in the social sphere: and therefore, though we think meanly of Cardinal Vaughan's arguments and gravely doubt his competence for the rôle he seems disposed to claim, we are not ungrateful to him for adding his influence to the cause of social reform or indifferent to the political importance of the Roman Catholic community in the difficult conflict which must precede any solution of urban problems. Nor are we unwilling to believe that in the healthy moral atmosphere of a "Protestant" nation, the social ardour of the Roman Church may escape that contaminating intimacy with Anti-Semitism which on the Continent has played so large and sinister a part in the greatest public scandal of modern, perhaps of all, history.

THE WHEAT CROP.

THE wheat harvest is now for the most part completed over the United Kingdom, and from the already available reports it is possible to arrive at a rough estimate of the position which the crop will take in comparison with those of recent years. So far as the ingathering itself is concerned, the farmers of the country are to be congratulated upon harvest weather

almost equalling last year's unprecedentedly favourable season. There have been general thunderstorms on one day only, and then interrupting operations but very slightly. The acreage of laid corn has been much below the average, and that, taken together with the dry heat in which harvest is closing, means that there will be very little waste. The season has not been so uniformly favourable as was last year. The cold was prolonged too far into the spring, and at one period, during the last fortnight in May, fears that the crop would be far below the average were only too well founded. But the moisture of early June and the succeeding even heat rapidly improved the prospect; and it is now evident that the crop is a far better one than then appeared possible.

There is, however, no repetition of the bountiful crop of last year. That was the highest on record for a generation, reaching the splendid figure of 34½ bushels to the acre. During this last decade of the century, the average yield has been 29½ bushels, the lowest year being 1893, with 26 bushels. But if we do not reach last year's exceptional figure, there is now the certainty that we shall be quite up to the average; and the completion of the returns will probably show a yield of from 30 to 30½ bushels. Straw, however, is undoubtedly below the average. Taking the crop altogether, it may be said that the grain is slightly above the recent averages, and that this, with the poverty of straw, makes the year practically identical in yield with the average of the decade drawing to a close.

But when we turn to the question of prices the outlook is by no means so satisfactory. It goes without saying that last year's prices are not maintained, as they were not expected to be maintained. The 1898 average of 34s. per quarter was due to exceptional and artificial circumstances; and the fact that growers had no confidence in its maintenance is significantly shown by the shrinkage of the wheat acreage sown in the United Kingdom by 100,000 acres. But while some fall in prices was thus confidently expected, it has been far greater than was feared would be the case. The average price this year is so far 24s. 6d., a drop of over 30 per cent. from last year; and with the rush of new wheat into the markets during the remaining months of the year the figure will certainly be lower still. Those genial but undiscerning optimists who have prophesied a gradual return of prosperity to agriculture on the strength of the figures of the last five years will need all their ingenuity to argue away this year's decline. For five years the value of wheat has been steadily rising. In 1894 it was at the low figure of 22s. 10d. per quarter. In successive years it rose to 23s. 1d., 26s. 2d., 30s. 2d., and 34s.; and all the economists who hold that the British farmer should be left alone to cope with the grinding force of unrestricted competition have pointed to the rise as a conclusive argument against any sort of protection for English agriculture. In spite of the fact that the artificial causes of the rise were obvious to any observer and were clearly of so temporary a character as not to affect the general and permanent problem of agricultural prices, they argued that the rise was stable, progressive and permanent, and that its continued advance was going to settle the whole matter of agricultural depression. This year's drop, almost down to the lowest figure again, will assuredly—we do not say convince them of error, for your Cobdenite is impervious to the logic of facts—knock the bottom out of that comfortable but baseless anticipation. But at least they might ask themselves how it is possible for private individuals like our British farmers to go on producing wheat when, in a fairly bountiful year like the present, the operation means not the making of a profit but the subsidising of our national food production out of the farmers' private capital. That is at bottom the meaning of the rubbish talked to town audiences about the cheap loaf. If these Radical orators, who declare it to be an admirable arrangement that enables their constituents to buy wheat at less than it costs the British farmer to grow it, think that a return of 24s. 6d. per quarter on a yield of 30 bushels to the acre is enough to enable English agriculturists to live on the result of their labour, we recommend them to try the experiment with their own capital for a year or two.

FRENCH v. ENGLISH.

THE long correspondence which this subject has evoked in our pages raises many interesting points for consideration and suggestion. Some of our correspondents have taken the line that the French language is partly emasculate because it is one of the Latin tongues. This, it seems to us, is simply a following of the dictum of that most remarkable writer M. Péladau—"Ohé les races Latines."

It seems to us as a matter of fact that the French language has its purpose exactly and possibly more precisely than the English language has. But there is French and French as there are fagots et fagots. Any trained diplomatist will tell one that the so-called French used between the Foreign Office and the French Government is not the least like real French. Then again we come to French and French. There is a very wide difference. Parisian French is a language by itself; and it may be noted that the Parisians have adopted a good many words from the English tongue. For instance "Stopper" as applied to a railway train or a steamboat has been many years in use. One may also quote the familiar use, a few years ago and possibly now, "On five o'clockera à six heures." Other instances could be quoted in which the French have borrowed from us. On the other hand, we have certainly borrowed from the French. To take an example. One of our correspondents has pointed out one little word which always puzzled one of the most adroit French scholars who was an Englishman. We are also aware of the fact that there is at least one instance of a Frenchman passing for an Englishman. The real question however raised by the correspondence, is, which in the future will be the dominant language? French of a very bastard kind is still the diplomatic language between us and all friendly and unfriendly nations.

Recent utterances tend to show, that in no very far distant time, English may take the place of French in this regard. On one point we may speak with a fair amount of certainty, French being, like Italian, a Latin tongue is more precise, more close. The contrast between the two languages is as that between a rude and a trained fencer's movements. On the other hand, English is certainly more free. It is more easy to give expression of emotion of an ordinary kind in English than in French. We do not mean by this the most delicate emotions which find their readiest expression in French, especially with a person who thinks in French as often as he does in English. These cases are not uncommon and we know of a person who has entirely forgotten how to converse in German but not unfrequently dreams in that language. We cannot quite agree with Mr. Merivale that no one is really as much at home in a foreign language as in his own. True, no Englishman who has not passed much of his life in France can possibly know all the technicalities of French trade work but then, how many Englishmen understand the technicalities used by say a plumber in the English language? Technicalities in any language are bewildering, even to a person in whose native language they are given. The supremacy of real French is no doubt due to that preciseness which the English language needs. The balance is made by the fact that modern French or so-called French writers have turned the old theory of the French language topsy-turvy. The language employed by these writers is almost unintelligible to people who do not know Paris and its ways. It is an old story that a Cockney drafted into Yorkshire will not understand half what is said to him. The same thing applies to France. The French of Marseilles and of Paris is quite as different.

To sum up the whole controversy for the present we should be inclined to say that French is a more witty but less humorous language than English.

THE GOETHE CELEBRATION.

WHEN Goethe was born a hundred and fifty years ago German literature and the German people were waiting for the genius which should inspire them

with the consciousness of their latent powers. Goethe was seven years old when the great Frederick began the war which ended with the establishment of Prussia amongst the important European Powers, and led at a still far off date and after many vicissitudes to her headship over a United Germany. In literature the first of the great writers of Germany beyond whom modern taste and thought do not care to penetrate had appeared in Lessing who, until Goethe himself entered into his undisputed sovereignty, was the most versatile and powerful intellect that Germany had produced. From Lessing's day German literature ceased to be merely local and national and entered into competition with the literature of France and England. Frederick the Great, indeed, lived and died without recognising the coming literary era. He had abundant faith in the German as a fighting man but he looked to Frenchmen for his literature and philosophy, and he held his own language so cheaply that he wrote his poetry and prose in French and in imitation of French models, as most other literary productions in his time were written if they were not in the rude and uncouth German which, as yet, was not suited to the higher forms of literature.

It is curious to contrast the ultra-patriotic attempts made in Germany in recent years to discourage the use of foreign words, especially of French words, where a German word can possibly be used, with the early reminiscences of Goethe as given in the "Dichtung und Wahrheit." French soldiers were quartered in his father's house at Frankfurt; he had a French boy belonging to a French company of actors as his dearest friend, with whom at the age of twelve or thirteen he fought a duel in the French style, he learnt passages of Racine by heart before he could understand them, and his first productions were imitations of the French. Unfortunately for the popularity of German literature and the comfort of its foreign students, when it became more independent and more original in matter and thought it also indulged in a wild carelessness of French style clearness and lucidity, and became in the hands at least of the less distinguished writers as "ungeheuerlich" as the grammar, the typography, and the script. It had to pay something for the advantage it was to obtain from its closer connexion with English literature which had begun with Lessing's studies of Shakespeare and Richardson. At twenty-one Goethe speaks of Shakespeare in language that recalls Keats' similar experience upon his hearing Chapman's translation of Homer. "The first page of his that I read made me his for life; and when I had finished a single play I stood like one born blind on whom a miraculous hand bestows sight in a moment." With poetic exuberance he declares his revolt against the traditions of the classical drama of the French theatre. "Frenchman, what wilt thou do with the Greek armour? it is too strong and too heavy for thee." Shakespeare was the source at which Goethe found inspiration for his first work "Götz von Berlichingen" which announced the birth of Germany's new genius. That fact remains, however much literary criticism may distinguish Goethe's work from that of Shakespeare himself. Historically, and that is the most important point, it started Germany upon its great period of literature: it was the new voice which awakened in German minds by its expression of the national spirit in the past the possibilities of a great future; dreams which never ceased to haunt them even when Goethe himself had nothing more to say to animate them. They have never quite forgiven him for his non-participation in their indignant patriotism and their hatred of Napoleon. They do not raise statues to him as a patriot who sacrificed himself for his country or helped to accomplish some national object upon which their hopes and passions were centred. That is to confer honours upon the patriot: in celebrating the memory of men like Goethe a nation is asserting and emphasising its own greatness and glory. It is in truth his despair of his country's destiny at a time when all her people were animated by an enthusiastic patriotism and hatred of France their oppressor that reduces Goethe's colossal figure amongst the great Germans of his day. But this does not imply any such defect in character as has often been charged against him. It was not callous egoism, selfish indifference, a cold temperament, an ignoble desire

to escape trouble, danger, and responsibility as "patriotic" writers said. He only made a mistake of judgment very explicable and very characteristic. He had met Napoleon at Erfurt in 1808, and as he was best able of all men to appreciate the intellect of Napoleon he applied to him in thought Napoleon's own admiration of himself "Vous êtes un homme"! With France united and directed by that colossal intellect he contrasted the disunion of the Germans. "You will not shake off your chains; the man is too powerful: you will only press them deeper into your flesh." Art and Science were his refuge from a painful position which he felt it hopeless to struggle against. They represented to him the only means of conferring honour upon his country as she was then placed, but he was too healthy minded and wise to talk of Art as if it were the whole or the greatest interest of life. The consolation he sought was after all a poor one, he said, and was no compensation for the proud conviction that one belongs to a great, strong, honoured, and dreaded people. In this sentiment Germany, many years after Goethe, must hear an echo of her own deepest feelings as she looks back over the intervening period between Jena and Sedan.

Whether Goethe wrote war songs, as his "patriotic" friends wished him to do, or refused, on the ground that others such as Körner could do that a great deal better, was really a matter of little importance. He had given the original impulse which made German literature the vehicle of all political and social aspirations down to the time when the old order wherein Goethe had lived was ready to pass away with the events of 1848 and subsequent years in which those aspirations were at last realised. The intellectual crown of Germany had long been won for her; and her position in European literature, notwithstanding her classics, her philosophy, and her history, still depends on the fame of Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, and Heine. But it is upon Goethe that she must rely for the distinction of having produced one of the group of world-poets into which so few have been admitted during all the ages. Perhaps it is not quite certain that this distinction is really hers; though the claim has been made by her and on her behalf. But except in the lyrics and the ballads Goethe's art is not supremely beautiful. The "Faust" has been compared with "Hamlet" and there could not be a stronger proof of Goethe's genius than the application of such a test. It would be an absurdity to propose it for the work of any other German dramatist or for any other drama of Goethe himself. The claims of Goethe are not put so high now as Carlyle would have put them. The younger generation may delight in the tableaux of "Faust," in its diabolic wit, humour, and cynicism, in its beautiful and pathetic songs, but it asks in doubtfulness, where is the wonderful philosophy which was once supposed to unveil the mysteries of earth and heaven and in the mind of man? We are, perhaps, too much inclined to think, after further experience of the German language, that some of Goethe's prestige in the minds of his original admirers arose from their pride at being able to read him at all. Now that we have got over our reverence for the language in which he wrote and come to recognise it as one of the greatest obstacles to the idea of cosmopolitanism in literature cherished by Goethe that man ever invented, we are, it may be, a little too much inclined to suspect that Goethe's philosophy takes us no further than any other into the heart of things. Margaret is the creation that still lives and by which we are moved. Faust himself is not interesting; and Mephistopheles, the new model of the old devil, though very clever, is no longer impressive. Ordinary men may well doubt whether, on the whole, German is worth the extreme fatigue of learning, except to read the lyrics and ballads of Goethe, Schiller, and Heine. If we except Faust none of the German dramas are of the greatest, and outside the poetical and the higher imaginative literature, which is not very extensive, we could do very well with translations. The fact seems to be that the small group of distinguished contemporaries of Goethe who are rightly the pride of Germany were greater men than they were authors; and this is above all true of Goethe. It is as true as it has become commonplace to say that his was one of the finest intellects that has appeared in the world. From his beautiful youth to his magnificent

old age he took captive the imagination of Europe. And it was a peculiarly sensitive Europe though of the eighteenth century, as witness the effects on it of *Heloïse*, *Clarissa*, and *Werther*. We must judge of Goethe as we do of Rousseau and Richardson, not by their present but by their past influence upon thought and literature.

It is natural that Goethe's influence should have particularly acted upon England and again reacted from England back upon Germany. England became acquainted with Goethe through a translation by Scott of Goethe's first book "*Götz von Berlichingen*" and Goethe welcomed the genius whom he himself had stimulated and caused his fame to spread in Germany. Under the same auspices, too, Byron made his début in Germany and was proclaimed as "the greatest product of modern times." That is hardly our present judgment; and if in Goethe's case we are not quite sure that his fame is established securely above the vicissitudes of opinion we must remember that even Dante and Shakespeare have had their periods of eclipse.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

GROUSE moors are the luxuries of the rich: pheasant preserving costs money and demands extensive woodlands, but partridge shooting is a popular sport in which most men familiar with the gun are more or less interested. On the first of September a thrill runs through the island from John o' Groat's to the Land's End, though in Scotland the belated harvest hampers serious operations. Moreover partridges are more of personal property than any other of our game birds. They never voluntarily wander like pheasants and when scattered always find their way back to the field or copse in which they have been bred. A good keeper knows all about the coveys under his care and the small freeholder can literally count his chickens. Partridge shooting is a genuinely English sport, but in our opinion the Golden Age has gone by. Where the birds are most abundant the dogs have almost gone out of use: or at least we only see the well-bred retrievers who follow the disciplined line that is walking the turnips with keepers and loaders interspersed through the guns; and driving has become the fashion in the Eastern counties and elsewhere. There is no help for it and in spite of agricultural depression progressive farming is in fault. The reaping machine leaves the stubbles smooth as a tennis lawn: war has been waged against the weeds; the rushy meadows have been drained, the straggling hedgerows have been trimmed or grubbed, and arable lands have been laid down in pasture. Consequently the coveys that are kept always on the alert have been growing more wild and wary. It was very different in the good old days when the Squire prided himself on the breed of pointers or setters. Then the birds might be sought for anywhere and at all hours of the day. The stubbles whether sickle reaped or scythe-mown were almost as safe a refuge as the roots, the rushy swamps, or the tangled clover. When flushed the coveys took short flights, playing hide and seek behind tall hedges or dropping in brambly ditches. The dogs could take their time: they had evolved marvellous steadiness in course of generations, and the shooter though keen needed never to be hurried and delighted in watching his favourites at work. Quiet sport can never again be enjoyed in such perfection, but happily even now there are broken and undulating districts where Don and Carlo still hold their own. With wood and water, hill and dale, with cottages realising the dreams of the poets and farmsteadings environed by orchards and rickyards, the lively sport is enhanced by the varied charm of the scenery. There has been intense excitement in the kennels all the morning; the prisoners have been yelping in chorus and dashing up against the bars, for they know as well as anyone that there is something afoot and that in the course of the morning they will have the run of the fields. When the first couple is slipped, they are naturally somewhat rampagious, but obedient to the preemphatic word of warning, it is pretty to see how soon they sober down. What can be more beautiful than

the statuesque pose when liver-coloured Don with fixed eye and straightened tail has stiffened into a figure of bronze, and Carlo, though every muscle is trembling, is backing and dropping with feathering stern? When the whirring covey has scattered to the rattle of the rights and lefts, no need to say "Down charge" to these perfectly trained animals, though they note the spot where each bird has fallen and are ready to retrieve if asked.

Naturally the young sportsman is eager to be out and doing, and there is rare exhilaration in the freshness of the morning air when the stubbles are netted over with the dewy cobwebs. But an early start is a decided mistake—to say nothing of men who are out of condition being knocked up prematurely in sultry weather. Nevertheless it is a good plan to send the watchers out before you to walk the fields and drive the birds to any cover there is, for nowadays it is fair to take every advantage. At best, and specially in such a season as the present, when the ground is brown and baked as a brickfield, and the struggling turnips would scarcely shelter a landrail, it is likely that little will be done till the broods are broken up. After much weary walking with poor results it is cheering to see a flight extend itself in echelon and flutter down with wings that catch the sunblaze into the strip of short-cut or the patch of furze. Then you may say with Wellington at Salamanca, "Now I have them." They will lie in the dense undergrowth like young black game on the twentieth of August. The old birds are the first to take flight, paying the penalty of parental heartlessness as they offer fair shots. Then follows a slaughter of the innocents, and you are almost ashamed of what seems a butchery, but after all, each bird has its chance and the bag must be blooded. You step out again with fresh strength and spirit to have another turn of good luck. A steady old pointer has been let loose, and the dodgy veteran knows his business. He wastes no energy like his younger companions in ranging bare ground: he confines his researches to the hedgeroots and ditches. Suddenly he comes to a stand before a bower of clematis and wild rose: a startled family party struggle up by twos and threes till pretty nearly all are accounted for. It is one of those agreeable surprises which sometimes enliven one towards midday when the partridges would seem to disappear as by enchantment. You feel sure they are dusting themselves on some sunny bank, probably in the corner of a dry potato patch; everywhere you see their "sign," but somehow you seldom come upon them. In fact nature kindly intimates towards one o'clock that you cannot do better than sit down to luncheon, nor are we ashamed to confess that the luncheon-hour in partridge shooting is in our opinion not the least pleasant in the day. We have no belief in excessive abstinence or temperance, but draw the line somewhere between cold tea and Mr. Pickwick's cold punch. The worst of it is that with the ecstatic pipe to follow, and the murmur of the running brook that lulls you to dreamy meditation, it needs strenuous effort to overcome your drowsy indolence. Afterwards, if you are to fill the bags, the order of the strategy should be clear. However ample the elbow-room it is unwise to break fresh ground. Much better try back over the fields you have already beaten. For the broken broods are all gathering back to meet in the scenes of their birth and compare notes over their bereavements. You may hear the plaintive cheeping as call answers to call, and generally the refugees are skulking in some cover and slow to take another solitary flight. Then as the dusk draws on and you are tending homewards you are tantalised by flushing fresh coveys in the stubbles which you had never come across before. For unfortunately unless they fly before you there is scarce light to follow them up.

Walking-up partridges is comparatively mechanical. The machine moves forward in crescent formation, like the Zulu order of war. Either flank ought to bend well forward which is all satisfactory and comfortable if there are no dangerous shots. But you can hardly count upon every one having his emotions under control, and it is still more nervous for the man posted ahead who looks down the converging muzzles of the advancing guns. We are not enamoured of walking

work ourself, but there is no denying that there are moments of intense excitement, with cries of "Mark" resounding from right and left; with the rapid roll of the platoon firing, with birds dropping fast stone-dead, and the others that are winged or towering. Then the clever retriever is invaluable—the dog who will tie himself to his master's heel, and when sent forward like a trained collie will answer each wave of the hand—for time is precious. So is the marker who keeps his eye on the towering birds and can take the bearings of the spot where they fall to a yard. And though it may be aggravating it is not altogether unamusing to see the red-legs running before you in the drills like rabbits and absolutely refusing to rise unless checkmated by the guns in front.

But these foreigners come in usefully in driving, for there they often lead the start and head the flights. Moreover, as they are troublesome neighbours to the grey birds, the more that are killed the better. To the comparatively few who excel in flight shooting unquestionably the sport is most enjoyable, for it is a triumph of skill and cool calculation. To outsiders and novices the precision with which a crack shot will calculate pace and distance seems like sleight of brain and hand. The deadly aim has become an instinct. And driving has developed into a science in the open Eastern counties, since Lord Huntingfield began the practice fifty years ago. Notwithstanding the great bags that have been made undoubtedly as on grouse moors in the north it has amazingly increased the head of game. On the stubbles, as on the moors, the old birds are shot down, who if spared would make trouble and bully the young couples. The natural partridge is a peace-loving bird who has no objection to being crowded. But the veteran cocks are vicious as rogue elephants and will seek quarrels with every neighbour within reach. Consequently the more the partridges are shot down in driving, the more the stock is found to increase. The returns have never equalled those of the grouse drives, and we believe the record is still Earl de Grey's at Elvenden who killed fifty brace in a single drive. It will be remembered that it was at Elvenden that Dhuleep Singh made that memorable bag of 780 to his own gun, which has never since been rivalled. But Lord de Grey's performance was a triumph of fine shooting, and it must be noted that many of the Maharajah's victims were home-hatched and hand-fed.

SAVONAROLA.*

THE most tragic figure of the Renaissance retains indestructible vitality. The literature which debates the character and career of Savonarola continues to accumulate. Deeply interesting in himself, the meeting-point of amazing contradictions, how many conflicting forces he touched, whose strife is perpetual! He has been variously interpreted, as the last of the monks and the first of the reformers, as the fanatical opponent of the Renaissance and as its most characteristic offspring, as a vulgar demagogue and a constructive statesman, as a charlatan and as a prophet. The diverse theories accurately reflect the religious and political standpoints of their advocates. A preacher of righteousness who was the Borgia's victim could count on the patronage of Protestants; and, probably, the popular judgment in Protestant countries is an echo of Luther's ardent words: "Though the feet of this holy man are still soiled by theological mud, he nevertheless upheld justification by faith only without works and therefore he was burned by the Pope. But he lives in blessedness, and Christ canonises him by our means, even though Pope and Papists burst with rage." The Saxon reformer claimed too much. Savonarola was intensely conservative: he held the complete cycle of mediæval doctrine: he was steeped in the Bible, but he understood it as the mystics and the schoolmen understood it not as the men of the Renaissance: his notions of ecclesiastical reform were borrowed from Constance and Basel: he was himself a monastic reformer of the mediæval type: his ideas of tolera-

tion, of government, of justice were frankly mediæval: at his execution he humbly received a plenary indulgence from Alexander VI. Father Lucas is within his rights in claiming him as the precursor of the Counter-Reformation, though a wider view of history convicts his estimate as almost grotesquely absurd. S. Ignatius of Loyola was well advised in prohibiting the study of Savonarola's writings to the members of the Society of Jesus: for those writings throb with individuality and everywhere assume the mediæval belief that a bad Pope could be and ought to be resisted. Father Lucas is well-informed always, generally fair, sometimes eloquent but he never shakes himself free from the bondage of his ecclesiastical *parti pris*. Most of his contentions may be conceded and yet his general attitude fail to justify itself. Let it be granted that Savonarola was deceived by his own ardour as to the nature of his predictions, that he was mistaken in his political projects, that he was technically in the wrong when he disobeyed his ecclesiastical superiors, that his treatment at the hands of his enemies was not conspicuously worse than the conscience of the time permitted and still the broad facts remain that the main-spring of Savonarola's life was a pure passion for righteousness, that the real source of his collision with the Pope was the Pope's abominable iniquity, that his condemnation was the triumph of wickedness. Father Lucas says both truly and eloquently "Fra Girolamo Savonarola had sounded the long-drawn and wailing blast of a fearless challenge to all the powers of wickedness," but he goes on to conclude that "the question of Savonarola's conflict with Alexander VI." remains an open question, as to which his own opinion is decidedly that the Pope was in the right! Perhaps we ought to expect no more from a writer who so frankly confesses his religious disqualification for writing the history of a Reformer. The reform of the Church was to be effected "by the uncompromising assertion of the duty of loyalty to the Vicar of Christ in his official capacity, whatever might be his personal shortcomings or even vices," and that "official capacity" has no limits in the realms of faith and morals. These are unquestionably the principles of Loyola and the doctrines of modern Romanism, but how far they can be reconciled with the interests of truth and equity was proved by Savonarola's fate, and is being proved afresh in France at this very time. The balanced judgment of Bishop Creighton takes account of all the extenuations which can be pleaded for the agents of Savonarola's murder. It is but just to say that only the necessities of his personal belief seem to hold back Father Lucas from the same conclusion.

"It is unjust to Alexander VI. to represent him as the chief author of Savonarola's ruin; but he gave his sanction at the last to the schemes of Savonarola's foes. It is needless to discuss the technical points at issue between Savonarola and the Pope; it is enough that the Papal policy in Italy demanded the destruction of a noble effort to make Christianity the animating principle of life. Even a Pope so purely secular as Alexander VI. is said in later years to have regretted Savonarola's death; Julius II. ordered Raffaele to place him among the Doctors of the Church in his great fresco of the Disputa; and his claims to canonisation were more than once discussed. The Church silently grieved over his loss when he was gone, when political difficulties had passed away, and the memory of the fervent preacher of righteousness alone remained."

We have dwelt so long on the broader aspects of Savonarola's career because they undoubtedly have determined the verdicts which have been passed upon his character. Yet perhaps the man himself is best judged on the lower level of his civic and local behaviour. Not himself a native of Florence he conceived a passionate affection for the city which he clothed with the attributes of the chosen people. There was obviously something strained and absurd about such a conception of the contemporaries of Lorenzo de' Medici and Niccolò Machiavelli: and the easy collapse of Savonarola's theocratic régime demonstrated its essential artificiality: but this detracts nothing from the achievement considered as the work of a man's personal influence. He infected the Florentines with his own moral enthusiasm: he blended in their minds as in his own the ideas of patriotism and civic righteousness; he intoxicated them

* Fra Girolamo Savonarola: a Biographical Study by Herbert Lucas. London: Sands. 1899. 7s. 6d.

with his dream of a kingdom of God set up visibly on the earth. The prosaic slightly cynical mind of the modern reader finds it difficult to understand how Savonarola's methods could have been as effectual as they undoubtedly were. We read with impatience, perhaps with contempt, of the processions of the children, of garlanded friars dancing to psalm-singing, of pyramids of "vanities" collected by juvenile inquisitors; and in cold blood it was ridiculous enough even then. Italy laughed at Florence—but on the spot and at the time it was not ludicrous but an epiphany of Divine grace. "The children were held in such reverence," writes Landucci an eye-witness, "that everyone abstained from scandalous vice. Not a word on such matters was to be heard from young or old during that holy time; but it was short. The wicked have proved more powerful than the good. Brief as it was, may God be praised that I saw that holy time." It has been argued with much force that Savonarola's predictions had a mischievous effect on the Florentines of the next generation in whom they induced an impolitic dependence on foreign aid and a fanatical faith in the destiny of Florence. This may be admitted; but had it been otherwise the fate of Florence could not have been averted. That the final overthrow of Florentine liberty was not unrelieved by heroism was directly traceable to Savonarola's influence. Without Savonarola there would have been no Francesco Ferruci. The children whom he had marshalled in procession lived to become the last champions of the republic. These (to borrow the language of Mr. J. A. Symonds) "were really the backbone of the nation, the class which might have saved the State if salvation had been possible." Salvation was not possible, but that disaster was associated with memories not wholly base was the gift of Savonarola. It is not without significance that in Florence from the first anniversary of his martyrdom until modern times the scene of the tragedy has never been destitute of symbols of regret and homage.

THE SHADOWS OF SUMMER.

ON spring there lie no shadows. She may come shivering and struggling from winter's grip, smirched with the ugly marks of his reluctant hand. But in the end she shakes herself free; the marks disappear, leaving not a trace; they do not lie a permanent shade on spring's brightness. Her victory is the triumph of life unqualified, with no drawback. But with summer comes death into the world. The early flowers took none others' place; they grew on no grave, rather they grew out of death itself. Their one sweet moment they filled with the gayest purest life and pointed on to more and more varied life to come, but pointed back to none which they had superseded. So that spring has no regrets; the interstices of present reality are filled with hope not with memory. But the very signal for the approach of summer is the death-knell of spring.

The rose and the woodbine are here but

"The primrose to the grave is gone,
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by a moss grown stone
Has laid her weary head."

Amidst all the profusion of summer glories, can we forget those that have gone? Forget that the daffodil, the tulip, the hyacinth all have had their day, their yellowing leaves alone, in humiliating contrast to the exuberant life around them, saving their very place from knowing them no more? Is not our very enjoyment of June's profusion dashed by the misgiving that too great love of these new blossoms is a kind of disloyalty to those that lie beneath? For the first time for the year the inexorable law is thrust upon us that life necessitates death. The brief span when we could forget this, the season before death came and there was only life, is gone. We accept the inevitable: the shadow of summer is upon us.

And on the brightness of June there creeps for the dweller in a great city who has any soul for beauty and for nature, the beginning of another shadow that will stealthily lengthen the whole long summer through till it covers him with its chill darkness. Summer is,

after all, a failure, a disappointment, a regret. In the spring he remembers that he made but little of last year's summer; that he did none of the things he meant to do. He lost the "sweet of the year" and heard not "the woodland's medley." That shall not happen again: this year he will take care he makes the most of summer. In April he is sure of this; and if May-day overtakes him in forgetfulness of the country he is not depressed for so much is still before him; it is yet so early in the year that he has time for everything. He determines he will not lose May; he will see the crown of spring. But the increasing calls of London life make it more and more difficult to get off. He does not get off; he struggles for a time, but when he enters the month's third decade May is given up. The sacrifice is something of a relief; the struggle is over for a few days and the loss of May he will make up by the full possession of June. But he knows that another summer is going the way so many have gone before; that something is already lost; something has gone out of the year for him; he sees the shadow creeping on his summer. In June the struggle culminates. For June he fights hard. He knows from boyhood's memories what is going on in the country; he can see the splendour of the year; something of its ecstasy of life is in his own veins and strings his nerves. He counts each day swallowed up by London: the morrow is ever given to the country but not to-day. The few hours he does snatch from town are almost a pain. "All various Nature pressing on the heart" becomes a positive oppression. And the third decade comes round again. June goes the way of May. But this time it is more than a month lost; he has lost the youth of summer. How wasted on him all the freshness of sunshine; the long, long days; the wondrous nights! One more effort: if he has missed the singing of the birds he will see the dance of the butterflies. There is yet July. But July follows June—the struggle is weaker. There is now nothing left but "the silent time." And summer itself is given up. The surrender is a relief. It makes "despair a smilingness assume." There is no more conflict. It was very wearing; for it was not conflict between duty and pleasure. There, the follower of duty is refreshed by his consciousness of right. It is the conflict between what we wish, indeed ought to do and what we can do. And to know that you are steadily falling back in the struggle to do all is wearing. We want to live life to the full and we are conscious that by us summer is simply not lived in any sense worthy the name at all. We lie in its shadow. But summer over, the tension is removed. Autumn brings consolation. Autumn is Nature's hour of death. Hence it does not raise in us high expectations; and we get from it more than we expect. It is the very reverse of summer's case. Just another instance of the oft observed phenomenon that the pleasantest things do not please the most.

Yet another shadow does summer throw. It is in summer that we feel we are but in the light of common day. We will not admit that we are less enthusiastic in love of nature than the boy or girl. "It was so when I was a boy" we say "it is so now I am a man." True, we cannot give ourselves to the large and leisurable contemplation of all that is around us, as we did then. Youth, as was so finely said by Stevenson, strolls by the wayside and has time to catch a butterfly or consider a flower. But for us we hardly see them: we cannot stop. It must be so. We are on the highway; we are making for a definite point and have not much time in which to get there. The man's horizon is necessarily less than that of youth; yet the necessity is painful. But this is not the peculiar shadow cast by summer. We strive to believe that we are the same as we were and all the while we are conscious

"That there hath past away a glory from the earth.
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

There can be no doubt that this shadow does lie darkly on many men's manhood; and it is against the bright light of summer that we see it. For them there is the consolation of Age. Second childhood is a phrase invented for worse: in most cases it might more truthfully be used for better. Age does seem able to

"beget" and not merely recall "the golden time." Is it not natural that the soul returning should again catch the glory that went with it to birth and the life on earth?

CONCERNING TASTE.

ONE of the many striking characteristics of the British lower middle-class is their fondness for the word taste, and the curious sense in which they use this word. They conceive taste less as an abstract attribute than as a concrete ornament. To them it is something entirely definite; an outward sign inseparable from flashiness and generally synonymous with profusion. It was in this sense that the lady in the well-known story used the word when she observed to the Master of Trinity that there was so much taste in the works of Dr. Farrar; we sometimes fancy that King Solomon, the most introspective of men, must have anticipated the Master of Trinity's answer, and murmured to himself amid the splendours of Ophir and Tarsis: "So much taste and all of it so bad." The quality of taste is evidently exactly the contrary of what it is conceived to be by the British middle class. It is negative rather than positive, needing no showman to call our attention to it when it exists; and only when absent does it become glaringly conspicuous. It is a quality which the French and the Greeks have certainly possessed in the highest degree; the British nation affect it less; and Tacitus would have said, *Præfulgebant apud Germanos eo quo non videtur*. "Le but vous entraîne," wrote Renan to Mr. Strauss, after the latter had behaved uncivilly to him in 1871. "La passion vous empêche de voir ces mièvreries de gens blasés que nous appelons le goût et le tact." Only the other day the German Emperor welcomed the crew of the "Iphigénie" to the strains of the "Marche Lorraine."

The Romans too were singularly deficient in this quality; they were so often, both in their conduct and in their writings, "terribles d'emphase." In Nero's palace of gold vulgarity probably said its last word; whereas the splendours of Versailles are pervaded by the sense of harmony and instinct of proportion which are the elements of taste—taste which should be the leaven of life and "scarce suspected animate the whole." It is true that a person endowed with a super-refined taste obviously derives more pain than pleasure from the gift. The musician whose ear has been attuned to an intimate communion with the themes of Bach and Beethoven suffers on account of the barrel organ; and as those who enjoy a barrel organ are exceedingly numerous, while the number of persons who appreciate Bach is limited, the wider demand creates the more abundant supply, and the refined musician is the sufferer. Again the eye which has been trained to delight in the designs of Botticelli and the colouring of Tintoret is pained by an oleograph; and oleographs are not only more numerous than authentic Giorgones but they travesty and debase the currency of masterpieces. They do for pictures what barrel organs do for music: but whereas barrel organs choose bad music, no picture, however beautiful, is safe from being reproduced in the shape of an oleograph. Perhaps in another fifty years we shall find crude counterfeits of Whistler's green and grey arabesques, and Monet's inspissated sunshine in the parlour of every inn. We have heard it suggested as a solution of the question that if people would only be content to cultivate simple tastes all would be well. Simplicity is indeed admirable; but it is the most difficult thing in the world to obtain; the most expensive of luxuries.

The Hermes of Praxiteles was a simple statue; Schubert's "Ständchen" and the "Dresden Amen" are simple tunes: the fare at the Café Anglais is simple fare: the supremest lines of poetry are those which are so simple that they have no style at all—whether this simplicity is the unpremeditated ingenuousness of a folksong or ancient Saga, or the consummate art in the concealment of art of a poet such as Heine. Nature, as Matthew Arnold says, seems to take the pen from the writer and write herself. And yet it is not apparently a matter of the greatest ease to write like Heine, compose like Schubert, or cook as they do at the Café Anglais! To take a humble illustration,

people are sometimes heard to say: "I can eat anything, however plain, as long as it is *simple and good*." Doubtless; but a housekeeper will retort that this principle necessitates ordering a fresh joint every day, and those who are "to middle fortune born" must bear with hashed mutton and twice cooked veal. And in matters of art and literature how often must we put up with a similar fare: especially when we go to an English theatre! Let it then be fully admitted that a super-refined taste is not only a negative but a sterile quality; just as a philosophical politician to whom both sides of a question seem equally right—to whom a principle and the contrary of that principle appear to be equally preferable—is apt to fail when he has to take action on some particular question. So will an artist whose critical faculties are strung above a certain pitch of fastidiousness fall for ever into a condition of lethargic unproductiveness.

We frequently have instances of this in the so-called artists for art's sake: a phrase which has surely been applied to the wrong people. Napoleon was an artist for art's sake, if ever there was one: France being his instrument, which, he himself owned, he loved as a musician loves his violin. He was a greater artist for the sake of art than Gustave Flaubert. The fact that a man spends six weeks (as Flaubert used to do) in seeking for the "mot propre" proves him to be inferior to others to whom it came immediately in the "heaven-sent moment." For it is better to be a genius than to have an infinite capacity for taking pains, which is no more the same thing as genius than to be Gervinus is the same thing as being Shakespeare; and it is assuredly better to be Shakespeare.

There are indeed pessimists who urge that the whole question of refined taste is a great illusion: "Nothing is good or bad but thinking makes it so," and "why think?" they say. Distinctions of taste are truly a morbid affectation of the jaded; the story of the Emperor's new clothes should convince us of our folly. It is only a trick of our imagination, they argue, that causes us to differentiate between styles and to detect a difference in various brands of cigars, or to imagine that the wine of one year is superior to that of another. "For," they conclude triumphantly, "if you smoke in the dark you are altogether unconscious of the fact; and in the dark the oldest port wine will be indistinguishable from the most modern sherry, even to an experienced wine taster." True; but to smoke a cigar in the dark is the same thing as to listen to music in a vacuum. Our five senses work together in the apprehension and appreciation of phenomena, and wilfully to incapacitate any one of them is like marching to battle with one's hand tied behind one's back. There is no doubt a vast amount of humbug in all connoisseurship; from the expertise on the origin of seed-peas up to the cultivation of that school of critics who deny that any Italian painter painted any of the pictures attributed to him. Botticelli's masterpieces they tell us were painted by a friend of his: if this was the case, that friend is Botticelli. Even experts in handwriting, as the Dreyfus affair has shown us, are not always infallible; happily however there are practical tests; and occasionally the judgments of intuition are confused by circumstantial evidence. But even if taste is an illusion, it is a pleasing one; that is to say, those who are favoured with it in a reasonable degree are happier than those who are without it; for we shall always derive considerable satisfaction in thinking that Mozart's melodies are lovelier than those of Mascagni; the pictures of Whistler better painted than those of Bouguereau; the books of Tourgenieff and Flaubert and Miss Austen better books than those of Georges Ohnet, Paul Bourget and Marie Corelli; even though we may be mistaken, though in reality Flaubert be a fraud and Miss Corelli an artist.

AN AMERICAN MUSICAL CRITIC.

TREMENDOUS personality as James Hunecker is, one is inclined to believe that only in such a country as America could he survive as a musical critic. He seems almost too tremendous for England. His force and sincerity would make him feared and hated; his rashness would give his enemies endless opportunities

to harass and even to destroy him. His book, "Mezzotints in Modern Music" (Scribners), which reached me some time ago, is the kind of book that could appear only in America. It was obviously written in haste, and apparently printed in greater haste. There is a sense of speed and hurry on every page and in every phrase: Mr. Huneker seems to have dashed off what he had to say in the first words that came to hand and never to have revised the manuscript or looked at a proof. Sometimes he says things evidently the very contrary of the things he means to say; sometimes the grammar is shaky because he has not taken the trouble to look back to discover whether his noun agrees in number with the verb; and the punctuation is a series of startling surprises and puzzles—commas, semicolons, and the other props and stays of rickety sentences are thrown in haphazard. But in spite of it all the book is a noticeable one. Mr. Huneker is, in the best sense, a critic. He never dreams of deliberately weighing and judging composers and their music with the fatuous laboriousness of so many of our English critics: he listens to the music and gives you his impressions as rapidly, and in as few words, as possible; or he sketches the composers in fine, broad, sweeping strokes, with a magnificent disregard for unimportant details. And as Mr. Huneker is, as I have said, a powerful personality, a man of quick brain and an energetic imagination, a man of moods and temperament—a string that vibrates and sings in response to music—we get in these essays of his a distinctly original and very valuable contribution to the world's tiny musical literature.

But it is, I repeat, a completely American contribution. It is touched with the rawness of the new world. I don't know whether Mr. Huneker is an American by blood and birth-place; but his writing has all the virtues and some of the vices of American writing. His book is not an attempt after literature: it is simply a successful achievement in the best kind of journalism. One does not know whether to regret this or not. Certainly the book would be improved, even as journalism, were all the blemishes I have spoken of removed; and I should not be the less pleased if Mr. Huneker contradicted himself not quite so often. On the other hand, he gains so much by the rapid and dashing style of writing that perhaps we should lose were he to attempt a more deliberate manner. Anyhow, from all I know of him, he is not in the least likely to adopt a more deliberate manner of writing. We must take him as he is, and be thankful for him, and remember to beg that we may never be victims of one of those slashing sentences that he swings round with a scythe-like motion, mowing important personages ignominiously off their legs. There are seven essays in this book. The first, "The Music of the Future," is a long and elaborate study of Brahms; the second, "A Modern Music Lord," deals with Tchaikowsky; the third is "Richard Strauss and Nietzsche," the fourth "The Greater Chopin," the fifth is a study of modern pianoforte music and pianoforte playing though it is called "A Liszt Étude," the sixth "The Royal Road to Parnassus" is much the same; and the last is "A Note on Richard Wagner."

The list of subjects is surely varied enough. It is a far cry from the philosophy of Nietzsche and Wagner and Richard Strauss to the best course of training for a modern piano-virtuoso. But no matter what his subject may be, Mr. Huneker always displays the same audacity, brains, emotional sensitiveness and—curious in a distinctly "new" critic—knowledge. It is knowledge that fills me with confidence in him. The bogus knowledge of our old school of criticism, the learning that consists entirely in a copy of Grove's dictionary and a little technical slang, is a thing that fills me with scornful amusement. And it seems as important to me that a critic should know how to write as that he should know what he is writing about. The man who can write but knows nothing, the man who knows something but cannot write, and the man who neither writes nor knows—these are all involved in the same condemnation. The impressions of a sensitive and generally cultured mind are often agreeable; but one's pleasure in them decreases when one makes discovery of the awful fact that they are the im-

pressions of a man who cannot distinguish between a flute and a "contrafagotto." "Contra-riwise," one's pleasure in criticism is increased as one gains confidence in the writer's knowledge. One feels that one is not merely being played with. One certainly feels that Mr. Huneker is not playing. He is in deadly earnest, and he knows. Although to my old-world mind the sense of hurry is always present in his new-world writing, it is not the hurry of a bungler or an ignoramus. He can, unlike some of our men, face a Strauss or Berlioz score, without having an immediate fit; and he has read his scores; and he seems to have got deep into them, not by a slow, patient process of grubbing and burrowing, but by the sheer swift impetuosity of the working of his mind. His knowledge is a living knowledge: it comes from scores and from life and not from commentaries on scores and life. His essay on Brahms, for instance, is unlike any other essay on Brahms that I know. Almost at the beginning he startles one with this:—"Brahms' music throbs with humanity; with the rich red blood of mankind." Then immediately after:—"I am not a reckless Brahms worshipper. There is much in his music that repels, and I have often studied his piano [works?] with knitted brow. After the exquisite poetic tenderness of Chopin, the overflowing romance of Schumann, the adorable melody of Schubert, and the proud pose of Weber—who prances by you on gaily and gorgeously caparisoned arpeggios—Brahms may sound cold, formal and much of the mathematician, but strip him of his harsh rind, taste the sweetness, the richness, the manliness of the fruit and you will grow enthusiastic." Again, speaking of a ballade in D, he says: "The first page of this ballade must needs loosen the obdurate heart strings of a Finck. . . . I confess the *molto staccato leggiero* is a bit of Brahms that always puzzles me. I find analogies in Beethoven, in those mysterious pianissimi in his symphonies and concertos where the soul is almost freed from the earthly vesture and for a moment hovers in the twilight of uncertain tonalities and rhythms. Brahms, as Ehlert says, has this gift of catching and imprisoning moods that for want of a better name we call spiritual. The awe, the awful mystery of the life in us, the life about us, is felt by Beethoven and Brahms and marvellously expressed by them. The reappearance, to give an example of what I mean, of the theme of the scherzo in the last movement of Beethoven's fifth symphony has just such a ghostly effect." Here we have genuine criticism, a genuine record of things actually felt. In this Review, and in the "New Review" some years ago I discussed at some length this weird, ghostly element in Beethoven's music. In Brahms' music I never find it. Mr. Huneker has found it; the patent sincerity of his writing shows that he has found it; and the same sincerity has helped him to express in words the thing he has found. I am more in agreement with some other of his criticisms of Brahms. "The tempest-like character of the capriccio is marked. It is a true soul-storm in which the spirit, buffeted and drenched by the wind and wave of adversity, is almost subdued; but the harsh and haughty coda shows indomitable courage at the last. . . . Then follows in the next intermezzo perfect calm, perfect repose of mind and body. In the slow moving triplets Brahms indicates *those curves of quiet that enfold us when we are at one with ourselves, with nature*. [The italics are mine.] Indescribably lovely is the first page of this intermezzo. Even the section in F sharp minor is gracious and without a hint of the tragic. The piece ends in A major stillness." This last touch appeals only, of course, to those of us who are musicians and hold to a fantastic faith in key-colour. Let me make a last quotation from this essay. Speaking of yet another intermezzo Mr. Huneker says: "For gray days this intermezzo was written; go play it when the sun is holding high and heated revelry in the heavens and you will feel, rather than see, a shadow cross your inner vision. It is our pessimistic Brahms again and the mood for the moment is almost one of mild self-torture. A nocturne in gray, not too profound, too poignant, rather a note of melancholy is sounded, a thin edge of light that stipples the gloom with really more doubt than despair." This seems to me absolutely

just criticism of Brahms. Whenever his music is at all expressive I hear in it the note of mournful tragic doubt of himself. He belonged to the unlucky people who are physiologically unfit for happiness; the absence of pain was the nearest approach to actual gladness he ever experienced. The greatest artists never belong to these folk: they have far too intense an inner life to doubt long; and if they have days of unendurable pain, they have weeks and months and years of rapturous enjoyment of the sheer pleasure of living. They who live hard live joyously; and a big man in any art must needs live with his whole might.

Of the other papers in the book, the Tschaiakowsky is perhaps the best. "The Greater Chopin" is a fine piece of criticism; so, too, in its way, is the "Strauss"; and the discussions of modern playing are crammed full of interesting things. The "Note on Wagner"—"Richard of the Footlights" Mr. Huneker calls him—is slighter, but full of clever things and characterised by an admirable sanity which is rather unexpected. Czerny is dismissed with one beautiful remark: "Czerny, who is old-fashioned in most of his studies, has nevertheless written some of the best studies for the left-hand solo. He wrote them because no one else would. He looks in his pictures as if he might be that sort of a man." Naturally such a critic says a thousand things that no other critic would dream of agreeing with. How he can accept Saint-Saëns as a composer or Pachmann as a pianist is a puzzle to me. Still, his opinions are his own and I would rather he held them than borrowed others. He is of the order of men which I like best; they who take up the work that is lying for them to do and go through with it, instead of wasting their lives by staying to count the possible cost. They are the men who succeed in every sense of the word, while the weak-kneed ones are left floundering far behind.

J. F. R.

FINANCE.

THE week has seen no real improvement in the condition of the Stock markets. If anything, the situation has darkened. In spite of talk that purports to be cheerful in regard to the Transvaal troubles, and in spite also of one or two spurts, business in most sections has been on the smallest possible scale. It is significant, too, that the belief that there will be war is growing. Mr. Chamberlain's speech was uncompromisingly definite, and when the members reassembled on Monday after their short holiday, they were met by this and by a manifestly exaggerated report about a hardly averted collision between British blue-jackets and the Russians in China. Naturally there was a disposition to sell. It did not become pronounced, but it was sufficient to depress most markets, Consols leading the way. The House was not slow to realise that the story from Hankow was highly coloured; and after a little reflection it came also to the conclusion that President Kruger would not be so foolish as to go to war. As a result, there was a slight reactionary tendency. The later news, however, which said that the Boer Government had notified the British agent of its intention to adhere to its latest offer and to make no further concession, led to general liquidation. Then, the reported movement of British troops to the frontier was a further adverse influence, and altogether the first two days of the week were unhappy ones for the Stock Exchange. On Wednesday morning we were treated to something a little more reassuring, the Johannesburg correspondent of the "Times" stating categorically that the situation would be quite unchanged pending the receipt of Mr. Chamberlain's reply to the counter proposals, and that no startling developments are probable in the near future. A little good buying following this, accompanied by talk of a *modus vivendi* and the display of a more cheerful feeling by Paris, led to an appreciable recovery, but opportunity was taken of the rise to realise, and there being no fresh disposition to deal, prices began promptly to sag away again. That is the position at the time of writing, and the prospect of an improvement is very shadowy. The marked change in the general sentiment of the House on the subject of the Transvaal and the prospects of a peaceful

settlement is naturally a factor telling against any resumption of activity. Down to this week a large majority of the members believed that a satisfactory outcome would result without recourse to arms. Now a large majority hopes for peace but fears war. There being no reassuring development, the realisations which followed the rise of Wednesday are readily explained. Holders were, in fact, glad of the chance to reduce their commitments at a fair price.

Though the receipts of bullion at the Bank this week prove to be larger than last week, the improvement in the position of the central institution is not so marked. At the same time there is an increase in the reserve, which is now larger than was the case at this time last year. The net influx to Wednesday amounted to £704,000 compared with £447,000 last week and £411,000 in the previous week. The coin and bullion stock, however, has increased by only £694,000, so that no help has been given by the country. The note circulation shows an increase of £152,000, and as a result the improvement in the reserve is £542,000 compared with £1,305,000 and £953,000 in the two previous weeks respectively. The total of the reserve now stands at £24,118,926 against £23,577,059 last week and £23,867,823 a year ago: and the proportion to liabilities is higher on the week by 1.34 per cent. being now 50.28 per cent. It will be seen that the preparations for the end of the month requirements have not made much impression, consequent upon the large influx from abroad. The directors of the Bank have made no change in the official rate of discount this week, and the figures we have quoted furnish a sufficient explanation of their decision. For the rest, the return is to be regarded as very satisfactory, and should the showing of the next week or two prove equally good, there should be little question as to the ability of a 4½ per cent. rate to carry the Bank through the strain of the autumn. Money has been in fair demand for the better portion of the week, and quotations have been steady, save that on Thursday the requirements for the end of the month and for Stock Exchange purposes led to a temporary hardening of rates. Discounts, on the other hand, have been easier, but otherwise have not presented much feature.

The account which was brought to a close this week was not in many respects a striking one, but the carry-over had one good effect, if only of the negative sort—it gave the House something to think of at a time when the political outlook was not pleasant to contemplate, and in this way it probably prevented members from developing views more pessimistic than the situation warranted. In Kaffirs, the account open was small, and the details were soon arranged, though the rate, from 7 to 9 per cent., was quite stiff enough in the circumstances. On Westralians the general rate was from 10 to 12 per cent., while on Lake Views as much as 5s. was exacted at one time, though less was paid later in the day. The bull account proved to be still very large, but on the whole there was not much difficulty in obtaining continuation—there was certainly less than at the previous settlement. In some cases, there was a disinclination to take in to the full extent desired and this led to the offering of a few shares at a moment when the market was already depressed. There were two failures, both unimportant, one of a dealer in the miscellaneous mining market who is said to have come to trouble over Westralians, and the other of a small dealer in the Kaffir section. In the other sections of the House, the account was small and the arranging of it developed little of particular interest or importance. Rates showed a tendency to be easier, but the outcome was insignificant. In Home Railways the stiffness of the rate on Caledonian Deferred was the most noticeable item, but it was referable to an unexpectedly heavy delivery of stock. In Americans the rate was about 6 per cent., or ½ per cent. lower than on the previous occasion, in spite of the good business done in, and the generally promising condition of, this class of stocks. Trunks disclosed nothing of any account, if we except the evidence shown of an increase in the speculation for the rise in Thirds, the rate on which was 9d. higher than a fortnight ago. In the Foreign section, rates ruled much

the same as last time, save in Tintos, which were carried over lower at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the inference being that the bull account is becoming reduced. Among miscellaneous things, there is nothing calling for remark with the one exception of Barnums, the rate ($2\frac{1}{2}d.$) on which was rather stiff.

The Home Railway market has been influenced sympathetically by the political news, but in other respects this section may be described as fairly steady. Business has been small. Some of the traffics were good and were allowed by the House to be good. The Great Western comes out with an increase of £31,360, the North-Western with an increase of £11,680, the Lancashire and Yorkshire with £8,530, the North-Eastern with £5,419, the Great Central with £3,853. The Midland increase is only £2,961 and that of the Great Northern only £737. These have suggested reflections. The coal strike in South Wales had the inevitable effect of aiding the other lines at the expense of the Great Western. This last company is now giving evidence of the measure of its traffic improvements, the comparison of present results being with the period covered by the strike; and members of the Stock Exchange are beginning to figure up on the degree to which other traffics are likely to be influenced as a result of the recovery by the Great Western Company of its proper share of revenue for the conveyance of minerals. As a fact, a majority of the coal-carrying companies which benefited last year when the strike was on, now show a somewhat marked decline, as was in reality inevitable. For example, the Midland's mineral traffic this week shows a falling off to the extent of £4,121. Hull and Barnsley has a total decline of £259 to show, due of course to this cause. The Great Northern would also have shown a decrease but for the improvement in passengers and goods, and it is most probable that for weeks to come the mineral traffic of these various lines will look poor. In the case of the Great Northern the market has sought to explain the indifferent showing on the hypothesis of Great Central competition. We have already explained that we take a less pessimistic view of the future of this last company than some of the prophets who have given it their earnest attention, but it seems absurd to say that it is responsible for the diminution in the Great Northern's traffics when a reasonable and quite adequate explanation is to be found elsewhere. The state of the bull account has told against Great Easterns. Except for Midlands, the "heavy" lines have displayed a hardening tendency, the traffics (due allowance being made in the matter of coal) showing a maintenance of the generally good trade conditions. Scotch stocks have been among the most active. The Caledonian distribution, the announcement of which is looked for next week, is expected to be $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. less than last time, and there has been some rather free selling from Glasgow in anticipation. North British has also been dull sympathetically, though not to anything like the same extent, and towards the end of the week we have had some recovery.

American Rails have again been one of the best sections of the House. Early in the week they were inclined to go dull, but good afternoon prices from New York nullified the influence of politics. Monday afternoon, for instance, witnessed a general rally; of course under the lead of Wall Street, which made a special bid for Atchisons and Union Pacifics. On the following day the efforts of New York to put something like strong life into the market were not very successful, but on Wednesday the market took a spurt on its own account, as it were, being assisted later by Wall Street. On Thursday the market was quite booming; there was actually a good amount of business done and a strong tendency was noticeable. These conditions were maintained later. Erie Firsts have been one of the leading features, Northern Pacific Common, Louisvilles and Norfolks being also noticeably good. The maintenance of this section at a decent level confirms, so far as it goes, our previous anticipations as to the outlook. The extraordinary briskness of trade in the United States shows absolutely no sign of slackening, and while it lasts the railways must participate in the general prosperity. There will no doubt come a lull

later on, especially with the Presidential election and the prospect of a close contest provided a strong democratic candidate is nominated. But that is likely to be temporary only in its effects, and nothing is more certain than that the total trade of the country is increasing rapidly. With a larger volume of trade, added to that improved management to which we have previously made reference in these columns, the prospects of American rails, or at any rate of certain of them whose names will come to the mind at once, are undoubtedly bright.

In the Foreign market, the sharp rise in the Buenos Ayres gold premium has attracted attention, and naturally the quotations of Argentine securities of various kinds have been affected. On Tuesday it came over about ten points higher. There was a fall of $4\cdot50$ per cent. on the following day. The upward movement is probably referable to the Government proposals submitted to Congress and seems to indicate that something definite has become known in regard to them. What we want to know is whether the currency question will be taken in hand seriously or whether there will be more "tinkering," and we are afraid that the event will show the second alternative to be the true one. It may be noted that Germany has been buying Argentine stocks in spite of the uncertainty. Other Foreign stocks have not much to show this week. Transvaal Fives were unfavourably affected by Mr. Chamberlain's speech, and went down a point per day until Thursday, when they recovered one point, as a result of the more cheerful view then taken of the situation. Paris, which was inclined to sell early in the week, has later given support to its favourites, especially Spanish Fours and Tintos.

It will be inferred from what we have said above that the condition of the South African mining market shows little improvement. The pronouncement of Mr. Chamberlain and the apparently truculent attitude of the Transvaal Government were influences anything but favourable. As we have said, these events have occasioned a marked modification of the optimistic feeling hitherto prevalent in this section and in the Stock Exchange as a whole, and this is obviously an additional deterrent to free dealings. The more satisfactory news of the middle of the week, induced by the statements of the "Times" correspondent at Johannesburg, the rumours of a way out of the difficulty, and a very small amount of buying, led to an almost disproportionate recovery in quotations. But advantage was taken of this to sell again, holders being glad of the chance to realise at some margin, and as an inevitable consequence, the market eased off again, purely from want of support. It is quite hopeless to look for any improvement while the present uncertainty continues. Even war would be better for the market. It would induce bear sales, as a matter of course, and we should see a break in quotations. But the account open is so insignificant in volume and so many people are waiting to buy at bottom prices, that a quick recovery would be sure to come. After all, the Boers are not likely to carry out their threats in the matter of the mines, and hostilities should not be prolonged.

In connection with South African mines, reference may be made here to a paper read by Mr. John Yates recently before the South African Association of Engineers, bearing upon the possibilities of the deeper levels as distinguished from the deep levels and the outcrop mines. Mr. Yates estimates that between the Crown Reef and the Angelo inclusive, a distance of nine miles, there is approximately 46,000 feet of reef—measured parallel to the outcrop—lying south of properties which are recovering 40s. and more per ton. Now, this 46,000 feet, multiplied by 12,000 feet (the horizontal distance between a point on the reef 5,000 feet deep and a point on it at the heat limit—12,000 feet—the dip being taken as 30 degrees) equals 552,000,000 square feet, or 9,200 claims, exclusive of all at a less depth than 5,000 feet vertical. On the assumption that the grade of the present mines is maintained in the reefs and that the reduction of working costs and improved processes will permit of an

average profit of 10s. per ton milled, the total profit yielded by the 9,200 claims, on the moderate basis of a three-foot milling width, would be £76,507,200. Mr. Yates considers that it will be unnecessary to make any material departure from present stoping methods, and the problem of very deep levels resolves itself, in his opinion, mainly into the question of shafts—their position, number and size—and the method of hoisting. The difficulties involved are considerable, to be sure, but not insuperable. No doubt large sums of money, estimated widely from £800,000 to £1,600,000, would have to be expended for development and equipment of each of the deeper level properties before they could be brought to the full milling stage, but the prospects of profit are sufficiently good to warrant these expenditures.

The Westralian market has been in an unsatisfactory condition, and though better towards the end of the week, there is still uncertainty. The account open remains large, and prices of the leading shares have been run up to a dangerously high level. We have had another shake out, which was a good influence so far as it went. Were the political atmosphere to clear, and were it certain that money in the autumn will not be very dear, we should no doubt see another spurt. But the outlook is not bright in either direction, and that makes all the difference. As we have hinted already, the free offering in the street on Tuesday was not of good augury for the chances of Westralians in case of trouble, and though there has been considerable recovery since then, the inimical conditions still hang over the market menacingly. Continental support and the better prospects of peace account for the recovery, but of Continental buying there has not been much, and Paris has to be taken into consideration in this connexion. For Paris has this year been interesting itself in a marked manner in Westralian issues, and should events in that centre lead to liquidation, the effect will be not unimportant—to put it very mildly. Bull operators here are not at all sanguine as to the immediate future—they have no reason to be, however regarded—and they seize every chance that offers to take profits. Brownhills have been one of the features of the week, the decision to amalgamate with the True Blue coming at the same time as a cablegram from the manager touching the shipment of telluride ore. Brownhill Extended have been supported by the group which bought last week. Ivanhoes were also put up on the report that there is to be a shipment of rich sulphide ore to the smelters, and rose over a point in one day, and nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ on the following day. Lake Views have held their ground tolerably well, and the same may be said of most of the other market favourites.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Andilly par Montmorency :
28 août 1899.

MONSIEUR LE DIRECTEUR,—Permettez à un de vos lecteurs français de prendre part au débat qui s'est engagé dans votre Journal touchant les mérites et démérites de la langue française, quand ce ne serait que parce qu'il a reconnu le petit mot d'une syllabe, la particule traîtresse dont parle M. Pollock, devant laquelle non seulement les étrangers comme, il le dit, mais aussi les Français tremblent ou devraient trembler. C'est assurément le terrible "NE" qui est le nœud—excusez le jeu de mot—de la langue française, car elle est par essence, et c'est ce qui en fait la beauté et l'originalité, et c'est par là que j'entre dans le débat, elle est une langue éminemment subtile, propre aux nuances, aux finesse, aux délicatesses. Quelle différence n'y a-t-il pas, pour en revenir à l'exemple cité indirectement par votre correspondant, entre "Je crains qu'il vienne" et "Je crains qu'il ne vienne" etc. ? Différence délicate mais sensible. N'est-ce pas aussi preuve de richesse et non d'indigence que d'avoir, au lieu d'un seul augmentatif, plusieurs

termes, tels que "plus," "bien," "fort," "très" ? car il y a de grandes nuances entre "bien malheureux," "très malheureux," "fort malheureux," que d'autres langues ont de la peine à rendre. En fait, le français est une langue où le sens peut être indiqué sans être précisé, nauncé de cent façons, une langue de gens qui ont des choses fines à se dire sur un ton badin, et pourtant elle n'exclut pas la force, comme les œuvres de Pascal, Bossuet, Ronsard et tant d'autres le montrent surabondamment. C'est pourquoi, sans doute, c'est une langue si difficile que votre correspondant M. Pollock, qui cependant semble la posséder fort bien, n'a pu éviter de l'écorcher un tantet dans son délicat article.

Je vous prie d'agréer, monsieur, l'assurance de mes sentiments les plus distingués.

CURIOSUS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wood End, Weybridge, 27 August, 1899.

SIR,—May I, as a person who has paid some attention to the French language both spoken and written, add a few remarks to those of my friend Mr. Pollock? One must of course distinguish between the purely intellectual capacity for learning to read a language, and the mainly physical gift of correctly producing the sound of it—"making the right row" it has been called. I understand Mr. Merivale to be referring rather to the former, Mr. Pollock to the latter. The former is of course by far the more common accomplishment, and many people reach a considerable degree of proficiency in it. But there must be very few who when the sole object is to know facts as quickly as possible would not sooner have them stated in their own than in any foreign language. Until a man *thinks* indifferently in either of two languages, we can hardly say that both are alike to him.

As to the question of speaking, I must confess to being a little sceptical when I hear of English people who can speak French so as to deceive a Frenchman, meaning of course an educated Frenchman. The physical difficulties are enormous. The French vowel system is quite different from ours; a Frenchman uses his lips much more than we do, with the result that his facial muscles co-operate in the act of speaking to a degree which the average Briton labels "grimacing"; the laws of "liaison" are difficult to keep handy for instantaneous use. Still one can conceive that frequent practice, aided by the dramatic or mimetic faculty may surmount these obstacles. But can any foreigner be always, awake or asleep, angry or cool, certain of all his genders? I doubt it much.

The late Mr. Hamerton has some sensible remarks on this subject. He had good opportunities of observation, and his conclusion is that "whenever a foreign language is perfectly acquired, there are peculiar family conditions. The person has either married a person of the other nation, or is of mixed blood." I can testify that in the case of the late M. Waddington, who did not, I think, possess either of these qualifications, the absence of what may be called the fine edge of French intonation was distinctly perceptible. French people called it, I believe, a Norman accent; but to my ear it was decidedly Anglo-Norman, if not Anglo-Saxon. His English of course was unexceptionable; and it was with the true John Bull vigour that he spoke of certain members of the Council-General of the Aisne, over which he had been presiding when I had the pleasure of meeting him, as "these confounded fellows." But I ramble.—Your obedient servant,

A. J. BUTLER.

ENGLISH PENMANSHIP.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Though English or, speaking of it according to its derivation, Italian penmanship, underwent changes by degrees since about 1545 in the reign of Henry VIII. there is yet the twenty-first letter "u" (U) in a state of confusion (see subsequent explanation) and its recognition would be rendered easier by the introduction of the Ger-

manic equivalent which is apparently one of the most distinguished signs in the Germanic alphabet. There would not be the slightest alteration needed save the symbol "u" placed over the "u" (U) like "ü" to clearly distinguish it from the fourteenth letter "n" (N) which in the hands (exclusive of the round) is similar. Oft in social, commercial, educational and other written transactions difficulties are to be found, probably not by all, but surely we are not all in the one standard of literate life. I may calculate that three-fourths of the written business is done rapidly, and the similarity of the "u" (U) and "n" (N) has always tended to a confusion. The English national characteristic in written languages is round but, fearing no contradiction, I can safely assert that out of the English population three-fourths do not observe this rule, and that among foreign English-writing people very few abide by it. Thus, the round hand gone, we may expect, as a natural sequence, several other hands. I select the pointed, and by way of an example the substantive "ennui" (ENNUI) which, under the above suggestion, would be written "ennüi." It goes well with people who guess words, but a foreign one like that exemplified of uncommon usage and which is a member of the English vocabulary, how (if written in hands otherwise than the round) are we going to find it out? The "u" (U) and "n" (N) are equally complicated in the flat and long hands. We cannot change the pen of writers nor persuade them to observe orthography with propriety. Let them follow their hobby! To them, however, flourishes and the unnecessary dotting of the "j" are no source of trouble and labour. Will then the simple and distinguishable curve over the "u" (U) (ü) not prevent trouble? Will not an examiner be relieved from obscurities when correcting hundreds of "Answers"? Of candidates going up for their preliminary exams. how many are unable to write the round hand but are yet compelled to write correctly! How is that difficulty to be overcome but by the adoption of the above plan? As one partly devoted to the studying of languages I find that languages copiously supplied with dots and curves such as Arabic, Ordu and Persian might well serve for abbreviated written languages equalling our "shorthand" system, and that these languages could be written in any hand if the dots and curves above and below certain letters were placed in their proper positions. But English is certainly more in black and white than any of the Orientals, and why should it not be written in all the hands without the least confusion? The French, Italians, Portuguese, Spanish, Greeks and other Continentals have not by any means enlarged their respective alphabets in spite of the existence of numerous "accents," &c., which are essential to correct writing in any hand and to the avoidance of any incomprehensibility. The reason of my endeavours to introduce this curve is that English should be written in all the hands without the least confusion which arises from the peculiarity that where the two letters in question occur in the same word they are generally in close proximity to one another and that they are always next to one another in the prefix "un" (UN) and in several parts of speech. Being a foreigner, but not a German, I stand as an impartial observer and having clearly investigated literary compositions regarding the difficulties that come from the non-distinction of the vowel "u" (U) and the consonant "n" (N) I submit the same for the perusal of your readers.—I remain your obedient servant,

MOHAMMED OMAR DOLLIÉ.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Salford.

SIR,—Mr. Bryce before the Teachers' Guild, Professor Jebb in the Romanes Lecture and Mr. Balfour at the Leys School have all insisted that education should rest on a literary basis. At the same time it is generally felt that the cultivation of manual dexterity and the physical powers generally should be insisted on during childhood, and that definite technical instruction is better left till later.

Here then are the lines along which to look for improvement in elementary education; but no improvement can be effected simply by changes in the code; nothing less than a change in the education of the teachers is required.

Of course all educational progress is hampered by the backward state of the rural districts, but if changes can be brought about in the great urban centres, the fact that they cannot be immediately introduced into the villages should not be quoted as a reason for their abandonment. Thus the way in which the pupil teacher system is worked in rural schools has brought the whole system into disrepute. Yet the urban pupil teacher is very differently placed. He spends as a rule half his time in study at the centre, and during the other half he is in school developing at a very receptive age powers of command and of making himself intelligible to children, which are very difficult for an adult to acquire. Neither is he spoiling the children he teaches, for as he is absent half his time from school he cannot be responsible for a class and has therefore to work under a teacher.

But though the practical part of a pupil teacher's career is of value the intellectual side is very restricted. The course of study laid down by the Government is meagre, and affords no opportunity for the pupil teacher to measure himself with others outside the profession, and although the instruction given at centres is necessarily superior to that formerly given by head teachers in spare moments and out of school hours, yet if the pupil teacher could attend an efficient secondary school as was suggested by the Pupil Teachers' Committee which reported in April 1898, and take examinations open to all like the Cambridge and other Locals, it would be the better for him.

A similar change would be very beneficial in the training colleges which now receive the best third of the pupil teachers when their apprenticeship is completed. These institutions sprang up in the earliest days of elementary education and were invaluable when teachers had to be recruited from the most unlikely sources and were adults without power of teaching or knowledge to impart. Nowadays, however, the pupil teacher gains at least the power during his apprenticeship and so the need for a *training* as different from any other college is less than it was by a good deal.

Indeed it may be doubted whether much increase in actual teaching power is gained by ex-pupil teachers during their two years' training. Some head teachers even go so far as to say that they hardly expect the newly-fledged student to recover the powers he developed as a pupil teacher within a year of his leaving college! The whole system of training colleges would in fact appear to rest upon a tradition which grew up under an older state of affairs and upon a false analogy drawn from the fact that secondary teachers—who have as a rule served no apprenticeship—are in real need of technical training.

But the public who cannot resist the magic of a term still demand "trained" (i.e. college trained) teachers, and appointing bodies attach great importance to a period in college, and of course a teacher who has mixed for two years with others is probably broader and in every way better than one who has not.

But though a course of training has its advantages, though it promotes a strong fellow feeling among teachers, though it may develop somewhat the teaching power of the students, though it may be absolutely good, it may be relatively bad, if it stands in the way of a still better course. If in fact we began by scattering the pupil teachers through the secondary schools, we should continue the educational process by scattering ex-pupil teachers through the Universities.

This has within recent years been attempted by the establishment of day training colleges, but the movement has been hampered by the fact that the pupil teacher is rendered shy by his sequestered upbringing, and often fears to enter fully into the university life around him. He seeks the companionship of his kind, the "birds of a feather flock together" round the victim of the "criticism lesson,"* and it may be doubted whether

* A practice universal in training colleges. A student gives a lesson to a class in presence of his fellow students. The class is dismissed and the teacher heckled.

the advantages gained from this and other technical studies are not more than counterbalanced by the formation through their means of a set which reproduces under new conditions that isolation which is the worst feature of the residential colleges. Some day colleges also discourage and at least one actually forbids its students to take an honours course, thereby creating an unnecessary distinction between normal and ordinary students. If however these defects could be removed and the value of the Queen's Scholarship (£25 a year) substantially increased, the prospects of the teaching profession would become considerably more attractive, and children from secondary schools would be willing to become pupil teachers, especially if they could stay on at their own schools as students instead of attending centres, and if at the end of their apprenticeship there was a good prospect of a University course leading up to a degree.

If such a college course were ever to find favour with the appointing bodies, the residential colleges would then be open to those who at present are unable to get any college training whatever, while the abler students who at present fill them would be reading beside our future legislators and professional men in the Universities themselves.

A teacher so equipped would be most valuable in school and in London at any rate ordinary assistants can earn a salary of £175, while assistants at centres can rise to £200, and enjoy considerably more liberty than is to be found in the average secondary school. His apprenticeship would have given him the power of dealing effectively with little children, while from his University course he should have obtained the power of throwing off the dominion and of dealing sympathetically with elder children.

In the lower standards the skill of the trained (i.e. apprenticed) teacher is undoubtedly required. Children of from seven to ten years of age have to be drilled into obedience and self-restraint and only the patience and perseverance born of early training will avail in these stages. During these years too the pupil is gaining mechanically the power of reading and writing which will make intelligent progress in the next stage possible. He is also learning mechanically and permanently the first four simple and compound rules, the only arithmetic required by the average man who picks up his trade arithmetic mechanically or resorts to ready reckoners.

In the fourth standard or at about ten years of age the boy is master of himself and finds his intelligence awakening. He now needs a different treatment than he formerly received, but at present he is unable to get it, as work throughout the school is of the same kind, the upper differing from the lower parts only in the subjects taught and the quantities worked through. Instead of this the teacher and scholar should at this stage enter upon more confidential relations. It does not much matter now what the boy learns; he is very likely to forget it all with small loss to himself; but it is of vital importance that he should become an intelligent, capable and reasoning being with some power of criticism and initiative, able to choose for himself and gather the information he requires. These are not qualities usually found in a boy who leaves an elementary school even from the seventh standard. He is as a rule obedient, neat, quiet and accurate, but cannot be left to his own devices; he wants more character and character cannot be developed by Code.

This end can perhaps be best attained by leaving a well-educated teacher to develop his boys when over ten years of age, as best he may. He might take with them the subject which interested him most if it were suitable; or at any rate one in which both he and his boys could find a pleasure. Interest begets interest; as iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend; and school work would cease to be dull. (This might even affect the attendance problem by the way.) If this subject became a hobby and the abiding link between teacher and taught after school days were over, it would also form a safeguard to the schoolboy when just starting work-a-day life. Again wide reading would certainly form part of his system. Standard works can now be obtained from a penny upwards, and if these replaced the usual

"readers" in our schools, we should hear less of snippet literature, threepenny magazines, and penny horrors, the demand for all of which comes from those who have acquired the mechanical art of reading, but not the corresponding intellectual powers of critical choice and discernment. If too the school classics once read were kept by the children the nucleus of a library collected at minimum cost would be found in each household.

Of course the reading would lead to conversation, and so the master would gradually draw out the pupil, making him weigh, and digest, and reproduce and criticise what he had read by constant and judicious questioning, and eventually leading him to put his own thoughts on paper, with more regard to the subject matter than to the handwriting!

So much for the intellectual and literary side of elementary school work; its physical aspect must be dealt with more briefly. The manual instruction, drawing and singing now taught should be extended and originality encouraged in drawing at any rate. The substitution of rudimentary design in the place of free-hand is a hopeful sign and pupils should be encouraged to express themselves through as many media as possible, through speech, through writing, drawing, and material. At present there are practically no ideas to express, but under a more sympathetic system they ought sooner or later to appear. Sports also are most valuable as revealing boys and teachers to each other in their true character and the interest in school games is growing keener every year. Nothing is better for teacher and taught than to face each other in the natural simplicity of the swimming bath for instance?

The changes suggested above are all now so much nearer attainment that payment by results is dead. The teacher has now considerable liberty and if he were more liberally educated he would probably be allowed still greater freedom.

The sternness, the rigidity, the intellectual torpor of school life or rather school mechanism, were all the result of a vicious system. The ghost of that system still haunts us and still pervades those training institutions which grew up while it was yet alive and vigorous and which have been unable to entirely free themselves from the traditions and ideas it engendered.

I am, yours obediently, FRANK S. ADKINS.

LET WELL ALONE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 High Wickham, Hastings, 30 August, 1899.

SIR,—On 2 June, 1894, you said of the second edition of the translation of Spinoza's "Ethic" by Miss Stirling and myself:—"There is no occasion to multiply words about this revised issue. When a translator is careful and exact, has mastered the matter as well as the language of his original, and puts into his preface just so much information as the reader may reasonably want to have at hand in the same volume, with discreet avoidance of displaying his own learning or theories, there is really nothing for a critic to do but to certify the fact with brief and cordial thanks." On 29 July, 1899, you say of the third edition of the same book:—"The introduction is unhappily still wanting in grip and proportion." As the preface or introduction of the third edition, excepting a few minor corrections, is identical with that of the second edition, I shall be much obliged if you will say which criticism really represents the SATURDAY REVIEW.—Truly yours,

W. HALE WHITE.

[Mr. Hale White forgets that between 2 June, 1894, and 24 July, 1899, a quinquennium elapsed. We have used the time to advantage and further study has caused us to take a less favourable view of Mr. White's preface. Out of consideration to the translators in our review of the third edition we contented ourselves with pointing out the defects of the introduction without proclaiming that it does not improve on longer and closer acquaintance, but if Mr. White chooses to advertise the fact, the fault is his not ours.—ED. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

THE ESSENCE OF THE COMMONPLACE.

"From the Persian. The Gulistan, being the Rose-Garden of Shaikh Sa'di." The first four Babs or "Gateways." Translated in prose and verse by Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. London: Burleigh. 1899. 3s. 6d. net.

THE eternal fitness of things was admirably illustrated when Sir Edwin Arnold set himself to translate the "Rose-Garden." Sa'di is the prince of platitudes, and long experience has almost entitled Sir Edwin to be regarded as the doyen of cosmopolitan commonplace. This is not to imply that the celebrated poet of Shiraz is anything but one of the most respected and respectable classics of Persia or that Sir Edwin Arnold is incapable of either imagination or literary grace: he has given proofs of both but not in this volume. Why Sa'di should be so beloved of Orientals and admired by some Westerns, we have never been able to understand. Very likely it is due to some congenital defect in our critical constitution; just as some people labour under an incapacity to appreciate Scotch "wut" or the "new humour." Whatever the cause, we candidly confess that Sa'di's "wut," when there is any, is altogether too dry for us. Fortunately for the poet—perhaps—Sir Edwin Arnold is constituted quite differently. "Of late," he writes pathetically, "when I have wished—in my study and among my books—to take refuge from politics and bodily pain, and that ocean of careless and worthless written work upon which float the scattered islands that are fair and good in current literature, I have betaken myself to good old Sa'di, and especially to his 'Gulistan.' The Shaikh was really the Horace and Marco Polo of the Far East combined into one rich and gracious nature." One has a little difficulty in "visualising," as the Psychical folk say, this combination, especially as Sa'di does not appear to have possessed any marked characteristics of either Horace or Marco Polo, except that he wrote verse and travelled a good deal, though *not* in the "Far" East. However, an example, taken conscientiously at random, will test the resemblance in the literary aspect. It is the thirteenth section of the first book, "concerning the manners of kings," and we give it entire:—

"Among unjust Kings was one who inquired of a holy man: 'What form of service to Heaven were it best for me to perform?' He replied: 'Sleep every day at noon; for so doing, there will be a moment when thou wilt not be oppressing thy people.'

"That King I saw by day asleep,
And said: 'Tis good, slumber should keep
His evil eyes shut: but to die
Were better than, thus loathed, to lie!'"

Monstrous witty, to be sure—and such elegant verse, worthy indeed of Horace! But this is perhaps rather above the average of the humorous apologies in which Sir Edwin's soul delighteth—those "fair scattered islands" that float upon the "ocean of careless written work" to which (to be frank) he has now and again contributed. Sa'di's work is certainly not careless; his Persian is exquisitely pure and polished, and that is his merit, which a translation cannot preserve. But for downright banality he has few rivals. Sententious snubbings administered by impertinent dervishes to unjust kings, and a collection of repartees about as pointed as those elaborated by the gifted author of "Typical Developments," constitute the bulk of his stock-in-trade and it is rarely that a piece of real humour comes to speck the flat surface of this ocean of careful commonplace—to adopt Sir E. Arnold's metaphor. "Good old Sa'di" is an admirable author to take to bed with one: an infallible cure for insomnia by night but something of an irritant by day. We refer of course to the original Persian: the present translation is irritating at all hours of the twenty-four. There was no need for it, for the "Gulistan" has been repeatedly translated, as became so respectable a classic—a textbook, moreover, for the youth who aspire to enter the Civil Service of our Indian Empire. Besides, it is incomplete, even in the part translated, for one or two anecdotes are expunged. We can understand that Sir

Edwin Arnold may have found pleasure in turning these guileless platitudes out of easy Persian into some form of English; but that is no excuse for adding to the "worthless printed work" which threatens to submerge the "fair scattered islands." Does he, in moments of reflection, imagine that any sane person can take pleasure in reading such couplets—or "baits" as he prefers to call them—as these?

"Him great the wise will never style
Who of great men utters things vile."

"In the chaplet of good conduct one stone blemished
spoils it all;
Tanks of rose-water grow filthy if a dog thereinto
fall."

"If always in one state the saint remained,
His hands would drop; Heaven would not be
attained."

"Widen Desire's plain, the preacher then
Can strike Truth's ball straight to the hearts of men."

"An evil woman in a good man's home,
It is as if in this life Hell were come!"

Even Mr. Kipling's recent contributions to the daily press have not fallen to quite such doggerel as this, nor would he rhyme slave with have or fear with to tear; though we are not sure but he might approve of poetic idioms like "cadge for clothes" and "bash them till they bleed." Sir Edwin's prose is not quite so bad as his verse but it is not always grammatical, and it abounds in Persian words, often misspelt or variously spelt, without explanation or translation, and introduced apparently for no other purpose than to mystify the reader and make him wonder at the display of learning. But it is not learned to write again and again of *Hakim Tai*, or *hadish*, or *wakif*, or *moussin* and *muwazzan* (for our old friend the *muëzzin*), or *Tartar* as well as the correct Tatar or such impossible forms as *Abu Horeru*, *Abâtferesh*, *Umrooleesh*, and *tasalidn*; and "Al humd' Allah! Glory be to God" is rather surprising from one who has ever translated Arabic. To write about "the zûk wa shâdi, the relish and the joy" is merely pretentious. Anybody can learn Persian but no one wants bits of Persian lugged into English sentences. As for grammar, a rather good saying (for Sa'di) is marred in the translation. "Whenever your Vakeel, or your Pir, or your scholar, or your rhetorician of elevated nature become [*sic*] involved in matters of the flesh they stick fast in their quagmire like a fly's foot in the honey." Most of the faults of the translation are excellently displayed in the concluding anecdote (p. 221), where the affectation of Persian words, the contempt of grammar and the false accent of Islam for Islâm will be observed:—

"Another unpleasantly voiced person was reciting the Koran aloud, when a lord of hearts passed by and inquired of him: 'How much is thy monthly allowance?' 'Heech! Nothing!' quoth he. Said the holy man: 'Why, then, dost thou take all this zahmat on thyself?' 'I read,' he replied, 'for the love of God!' Rejoined the other: 'For the love of God read no more!'

"If with a croak so damned thou read'st the Book,
The splendour from our Islam will be took."

Whatever splendour there may be in the "Gulistan" is certainly "took" by such a version. Sa'di was modest enough to know that he sometimes talked nonsense, and once he said, "The resolve hath come upon me to restrain myself in speaking, for the reason that over and over again one happens to speak ill as much as well, and the observation of enemies lighteth only on that which is ill." His friend replied, "Ah, brother! the best of enemies is he who observes not the good!"

"Virtue in eyes of hatred hateful shows
And Sa'di seems a thorn instead of rose."

The present translation is indeed a trifle thorny, but we are not such good enemies to Sa'di as to "observe no good": we only wish that he and his translator had carried out that laudable resolve of taciturnity.

À propos of Sir Edwin Arnold's verse we see that the first edition of his "Poems Narrative and Lyrical" is described in a recent bookseller's catalogue with enthusiasm: "As the Author's earliest volume of Poems

it occupies a similar position to the 1830 volume of Tennyson, the 1817 of Keats, or the 1851 of Meredith." No wonder so choice a work should possess the added distinction of being "Lewis Carroll's copy": for Mr. Dodgson savoured rare editions and was a good judge of a book in his way. It is disconcerting, however, to find his copy particularly extolled as "uncut and unopened"; but Sir Edwin may take comfort in the assurance (in small caps) that it is "RARE IN THIS STATE." Long may it remain so!

THE MANUFACTURE OF HISTORY.

"Piers Gaveston." By Walter Phelps Dodge. London: Fisher Unwin. 1899. 12s.

THE unsatisfactory character of many of the reviews on current literature which appear in our daily Press has often been noted. In many cases the unfortunate reviewer has to pass judgment on a long list of "books of the week" though he cannot possibly be an expert in all their subjects, nor devote to them the necessary time. Thus books are often introduced to the public with most misleading estimates. The work before us well illustrates the point. Eulogistic extracts from reviews inform us that Mr. Phelps Dodge's book is a careful piece of historical work, that the view presented of Gaveston's character is suggestive and supported at all points by wide and well-digested learning in the original writers of the fourteenth century, and that the work is likely to take rank as an authority on the reign of Edward II. We regret to have to take a very different estimate of the book and to state that it is neither a very good nor very honest one.

Mr. Dodge calls his book "a chapter of Early Constitutional History" and that we may understand the conditions which gave rise to the career of Gaveston promises us a review of "the changes social and political made by Edward I." The promise however is ill fulfilled. We are told indeed that Edward I. summoned the famous "Model Parliament" in 1295, and the three estates are mentioned; but of the constitution of the estates, of the method by which the members were summoned or in virtue of what rights they appeared we are told nothing except that "the Barons were called to the Upper House by writ of summons." The ecclesiastical legislation is dismissed with the vague and somewhat inaccurate statement that a barrier was raised "against church aggrandisement which the Roman power was unable to overthrow." Of the social changes of the reign there is not a word. The failure of Edward's Scotch policy is according to Mr. Dodge satisfactorily explained by the inability of the king "to think the union of England and Scotland perfect until the writs for both countries ran in the same name," while we are asked to believe that Edward I. cared little not only for the acquisition but even for the retention of foreign provinces, a view which has been satisfactorily disposed of by Professor Tout in his *Life of Edward I.* The whole reign is dismissed in five pages of very large print; the sketch is wholly inadequate and might have been omitted with advantage.

Nor has the body of the book any claim to be a study in constitutional history at all. We doubt indeed whether the reign of Edward II. would be a very fruitful field for such a work; but at least in the hands of Mr. Dodge it proves most barren. The only chapter which can be said to deal with this side of history is the twelfth. And in that chapter the only statement which has not been made by Dr. Stubbs in his "Constitutional History" is the somewhat startling assertion "that there is a strange resemblance between the Ordinances and the Bill of Rights" and the trite commonplace which is certainly not true of the reigns of Edward II. and James II. that "History has a curious way of repeating itself at times." Mr. Dodge's historical parallels are indeed not very happy. We find Gaveston compared to Strafford, and Edward II. to Charles I.: "both" we are informed "lost their thrones through a misplaced affection for favourites," while it is implied that Charles I. as Edward II. cared nothing for the ultimate destiny of the State (pp. 190-191). Nor are his appreciations of character,

when they are his own, any better. Dr. Stubbs had truly said that the indignation with which Gaveston was viewed was not caused by any dread that he would endanger the Constitution, but simply by his extraordinary rise and his offensive personal behaviour. But this will not satisfy our author. With him "Gaveston's career failed because he opposed himself, unconsciously perhaps, to the constitutional spirit which was inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race" (p. 191). He claims for this worthless favourite and man of pleasure "a touch of the divine fire of genius" which he has been the first to discover, and after telling us that his career may be summed up in the two words "Misunderstanding" and "Misunderstood," ends with the profound conclusion that his epitaph might well be written in the words (p. 191) "wasted opportunities."

It must, however, be confessed that Mr. Dodge does not often trust to his own judgment in the characterisation of his actors. Thus his estimate of Thomas of Lancaster at page 111 is most evidently based on that given by Dr. Stubbs in his "Constitutional History," chap. xvi. § 250, while in dealing with Edward II. he boldly and without acknowledgment copies from Professor Tout's article on Edward II. in the "Dictionary of National Biography." As this passage is a good specimen of Mr. Dodge's method we venture to print a small part of the extract with the original passage from the Dictionary in parallel columns.

"Dictionary of National Biography," Article, Ed. II.

In person the new King was almost as striking a man as Edward I. He was tall, handsome, and of exceptional bodily strength (Scala Chronica, p. 136, Maitland Club). But though well fitted to excel in martial exercises, he never showed any real inclination for a warlike life, or even for the tournament.

As soon as he was his own master he avoided fighting as much as he could, and when compelled to take the field his conduct was that of an absolute craven. Lack of earnest purpose blasted his whole character. He had been trained as a warrior but never became one. He had been drilled in the routine of business, but had only derived from it an absolute incapacity to devote himself to any serious work. His only object in life was to gratify the whim of the moment, reckless of consequences. Much of his folly and levity may be set down to habitual deep drinking, &c.

Nor is this by any means a solitary instance. Thus at page 24, some thirty lines are again copied almost word for word from the same article of Professor Tout, with just sufficient alterations to show, as in the previous extract, that absence of all acknowledgment is not due to a mere clerical error, while here again Mr. Dodge has the shamelessness to insert the references to original authorities as they stand in the article itself.

Thus—

Article.

On 7 February, 1301, Edward created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester at the famous Lincoln Parliament (Ann. Wig. p. 548). This step was highly popular throughout Wales (Ann. Edw. I. in Rishanger, p. 464).

At page 29 he goes to another article, and copies the following words from that of Sir E. Maunde Thompson on Gaveston:—

"Baker of Swynebroke describes Gaveston as graceful and active in person, clever, nice in his manners, and skilled in arms."

The chronicler's words are, "Corpore elegans et agilis, ingenio acer, moribus curiosus, in re militari satis exercitatus." Will our author have us believe that the translation is his own?

Mr. Dodge's partiality for the Dictionary is, in short, insatiable. His description of Edmund Fitzalan, Earl

"Piers Gaveston," p. 29.

In person the Prince was almost as striking as Edward I. He was tall, handsome, and of exceptional bodily strength (Scala Chronica, p. 136). But though well fitted to excel in martial exercises he never showed any real inclination for a warlike life or even for the tourney.

As soon as he was his own master he avoided fighting as much as he could, and when compelled to take the field he left it as soon as possible.

He had been drilled in the business of State, but only derived from it an absolute incapacity to devote himself to any serious work. His object in life was to gratify the whim of the moment, forgetful of all results. Much of his folly and levity, however, may be laid to the charge of his friends, &c.

"Piers Gaveston," p. 24.

On February 7, 1301, he was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester at the famous Lincoln Parliament (Ann. Wig. p. 548). This was popular in Wales (Ann. Ed. I. in Rishanger, p. 464).

of Arundel (p. 114) is inspired by, if not copied from, Professor Tout's article on the Earl, and in dealing with the Despenchers a whole page (p. 86) is borrowed wholesale from the article by Mr. Round.

Such wholesale plagiarism as this, by an author who in his Preface informs us that "all possible authorities have been consulted" destroys all confidence in the rest of his work. Not that we accuse Mr. Dodge of reading none of the authorities. As far as we can gather it appears that he has done so for the life of Gaveston himself, while for the rest of his characters and for the sidelights he has depended on second-hand evidence, but unfortunately has not had the honesty to say so. But even if he had, the work would be of little value. There is hardly one remark of his own which displays much historical insight. If we except the description of Gaveston's brief rule in Ireland which is perhaps the best part of the book—there is nothing which has not been said elsewhere. We doubt whether the subject is capable of much original treatment. The reign is one of little constitutional importance; it is a miserable story of folly and extravagance on one side and of factious ambition on the other. It could only be made interesting by a far more intimate knowledge of the social condition of England, of the family history and of the lives and characters of the chief actors than is possessed by Mr. Dodge who has neither adequate preliminary acquaintance with English history to frame his subjects properly nor sufficient appreciation of individual motive or literary acumen to write a valuable monograph.

We believe that the life of Gaveston was originally intended to be offered as a thesis for the Degree of Bachelor of Letters which has just been established by the University of Oxford. It is to be hoped that this degree will lead to some better work than the book before us. Curiously enough a work on Piers Gaveston by a French writer, Marin Dimitresco, appeared nearly at the same moment, which was noticed in the "Revue Historique" for April 1899. We understand that it has been withdrawn "for private reasons." It would be wise if Mr. Dodge could be induced to follow this example—until he has had time to thoroughly revise his book and has made himself a more complete master of his subject.

A GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

"A Greek Anthology." By E. C. Marchant. London: Methuen. 1899. 3s. 6d.

IN the selection of an anthology not merely of Greek lyric or tragic or elegiac poetry but of Greek poetry in general, Mr. Marchant has set himself a pleasant but a difficult task. Homer indeed he excludes from his purview on the ground that it is "idle to attempt to exhibit the great epics in selections." But the table of contents, with its galaxy of great names, shows how wide are the "realms of gold" through which the editor has travelled; for he takes tribute of the "goodly realms and kingdoms" of Hesiod, Sappho, Anacreon, Simonides, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Theocritus, Callimachus, Musæus, and at least a dozen other princes of song.

The result is a charming volume; and though here and there we might perhaps have included what is excluded and excluded what is included, yet it is impossible to deny to the compiler the possession of a real "facultas selectiva."

In a graceful introduction Mr. Marchant, among other topics, deals with the merits of Pindar and of Euripides. "The ancients" he says "were concerned with the question, 'How far does the poem justify its name of Ode?' in other words 'Is the poem a good libretto?' And, being concerned with this question, they decided without hesitation that Pindar was the finest librettist that even Greece produced." Surely this is a little misleading. Pindar's ὕμνοι were ἀναξίφορμυγες, his words were masters of his music: therefore, if we call him a librettist at all, we must bear in mind that he emphatically did not write words to music but rather music to words. It would indeed be difficult to prize too highly the haunting beauty of the "chorus-endings"

of Euripides but "Pindarum quisquis." Who could say as much for Euripides?

The notes at the end of the volume contain a variety of miscellaneous matter, including a few selected translations into English poetry of pieces included in the anthology. It is pleasing to notice (p. 156) that Mr. Marchant is sound on the subject of anacalasis in the Galliambic (or a variation of the Galliambic) metre: but why regard the line as dimetric? The poem of Anacreon in question consists, as divided in the text, of Ionic a minore tetrameters, without catalexis, ἀνακλώμενοι ad libitum.

SHREWSBURY SCHOOL.

"Annals of Shrewsbury School." By George William Fisher. London: Methuen. 1899. 10s. 6d.

WHATEVER the "industrious schoolboy" in general now thinks of his "patron saint," whether or not Edward VI. is to him, as to Mr. Leach—in his "English Schools at the Reformation"—the "Spoiler of Schools," Shrewsbury boys will continue to venerate him as their founder. It is true that prince displayed a rather languid interest in his loyal subjects at Shrewsbury. It took the townsmen three years to get their charter. Probably a Drapers' Grammar School had existed in the town; there was also once a school within the Abbey. But the burgesses asked for a "free" school. Mr. Fisher, without discussing the meaning of the term, gives Dr. Kennedy's view in the appendix. The Doctor held that "libera" cannot mean "gratuitous," and does mean "free from ecclesiastical jurisdiction." Mr. Leach ably contends for the meaning "gratuitous." But S. John's School, Banbury, was styled "free," although the schoolmaster had "the profyttes for his waiges, and for an usher." Again, in the "2 Free Scooles, the one of Grammer, and the other of Songe, in the Citie of Durham," though the poor were taught gratis, the rest were charged moderate fees, "such as are usually paid in other Grammer or Song Schools." These two schools, like others he mentions, were founded "for all maner of Children that should Repayre to the said Scooles;" that is to say, they were—to quote Webster—public schools; "to which pupils are admitted without discrimination and on an equal footing." That from the first Shrewsbury was such a public school *de facto*, and probably therefore *de jure*, appears from Mr. Fisher's statement that "in the course of six years Ashton admitted nearly twice as many *aliens* as *oppidans*."

When Mr. Fisher makes Shrewsbury's first headmaster, Thomas Ashton, a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, he is at variance with Shrewsbury tradition and with the express statement of the town bailiffs. Ashton was apparently an old man when he died; Mr. Fisher's dates make him about forty. But it is actually on record that a Thomas Ashton was admitted to a fellowship at S. John's College on 8 November, 1523. This seems to dispose of the claims of Thomas Ashton junior.

Salopians of an earlier generation than the present, for whom the history of the school does not begin in 1882, will be grateful for the chapter on John Meighen, and the building of the "old" school, as they remember it. Of wider interest are the wanderings of Thomas Chaloner, genial humourist and founder of schools. To the antiquary, Leonard Hotchkis, the historian himself continually owns his indebtedness. James Atcherley's eccentricities the school library still deplores; his most becoming act was his resignation.

The appointment of his successor was the beginning of a new order of things. Unlike his predecessors Samuel Butler was neither by birth nor education a Salopian. With few or no existing traditions to help or hinder, he turned for advice to his old master at Rugby. His task was not to reform but to create. Ultimately his reward came in the unrivalled success of his boys at the Universities and in its recognition by the leading schools. Examination, the "corner-stone" of his system, has become the feature of modern education. The policy of non-interference with boys out of school was no doubt the policy of the times; but that Dr. Butler carried it too far was admitted in practice by his

brilliant pupil and successor Benjamin Hall Kennedy, who instituted evening preparation and conceded to athletics a recognised position.

Of Dr. Kennedy's success, the legacy of his master and the heritage of his pupil the present headmaster, of his influence intellectual and religious, Mr. Fisher speaks with the affectionate enthusiasm of a friend. The last fifteen years passed amid the old surroundings might have been less summarily treated. Thanks to excellent illustrations we realise the external appearance of the old buildings at different epochs; but we look for fuller and more intimate details of the daily life at Shrewsbury as Mr. Fisher knew it, than can be gathered from the chapter on the games. The school was on the eve of such a change as has rarely happened to a public school: surely none ever travelled so far from its past over so short a distance. The removal to the present site, within a mile from the old, which not twenty years ago swept away nearly all the local associations that had moulded the habits of Salopians for over three centuries, produced absolutely new conditions of life; material improvement, growing numbers, a wider range of studies, organised development of athletics. To determine the influence of these conditions upon the present generation was not within the author's scope. True to tradition, Shrewsbury still sends many workers into the schools and parishes of England; that in the future her sons will be found oftener than before in other fields of usefulness all interested in her welfare may confidently expect.

HISTORY ON A GEOGRAPHICAL BASIS.

"Weltgeschichte," herausgegeben von Hans F. Helmolt. Band I. Leipzig und Wien. Bibliographisches Institut. 1899.

THE first volume out of eight, of above 600 pages each, comes to us aptly to confirm and extend what was said in a recent issue of the "Saturday Review" (8 July) in an article on "Universal History" and its treatment in England and Germany. It was there stated that "Universal history cannot be written unless the Jews are relegated to their proper place amongst nations and the Incarnation is regarded as an event rather of spiritual than of temporal significance. Even from the point of view of civilisation the Jews are not as important as the Babylonians, the Assyrians or the Egyptians. A scientific Universal History would even a few years ago have offended against prejudices which are now, happily, in the course of being removed." And a Scientific History of the World is here attempted in the fullest meaning of the word and in a really grand style. Before dwelling on it to any extent, it would seem a just thing to refer, however briefly, to the last earnest attempt made in England to write a real Universal History as distinguished from history divided into Sacred and Profane, a division whereof the brilliant Bossuet's work is so striking an instance. We refer to the four quartos of Edward Ollier, who dying, too early, on 19 April, 1886 had only lived long enough to just finish the last volume of a book which is worth being mentioned by the side of Weber's comprehensive German work, recently referred to in the "Saturday Review."

Still, neither of these works is built up on the truly scientific basis of physical geography, taking that in its widest sense, from which, after all, flow all politics, history in flux, all history, politics crystallised. How light-giving are the few pages in which Mommsen brings before us the features of his Latium, his Italy, his whole theatre of the Mediterranean world! How refreshing the pages in Gibbon in which he brings before us the configuration and situation of the spot where Byzantium was to rise into Constantinople or the sandy plains and rugged hills of Arabia were to produce Mahomet! Most historians had no occasion to go into these things; often they might justly presuppose that their readers, Macaulay's for instance, were perfectly familiar with the localities that had to be mentioned. History was this, geography was that; they might go each their separate way; so too might their learners and teachers. It was Carl Ritter, the Berlin professor of geography, who insisted on the intimate and indis-

pensable connexion of these two branches of learning, but his voice in "Einleitung und Abhandlungen," 1852, was as that of one crying in the wilderness of books, though Buckle's introductory work must not be overlooked.

Yet the old chroniclers had some sort of notion of the fact that actions want a space wherein to transact themselves, when they began their history with an account of the Creation of the World. But the naïve recital of the rise of water and land, beasts and man, being no longer taken as history till now, nothing was put in its place, and if, here and there, the historian had to make some observation on climate as favouring his men or the contrary, such observations remained wholly fragmentary.

Dr. Helmolt, hitherto known for his studies in history and linguistics, has, on arriving "nel mezzo del cammin di sua vita" [born 1865], gathered round him a number of scholars whose varied studies he unites in a fascis, himself serving as general editor and moderator. Among this band we observe Johannes Ranke, a nephew of the historian whom Macaulay first introduced to the English-speaking public, and himself the esteemed holder of the first chair founded for anthropology in any German University; also F. Ratzel who, for some years, has occupied a foremost place in ethnological studies. The editor himself explains in the introduction the object of the work, as it is to be the history of man, on the basis of anthropo-geography—and marshals the order of the subsequent divisions. Dr. Kohler lays down the fundamental notions necessary for judging of the physical and mental aspects of a rising civilisation. Ratzel, on the ground chiefly of the physical features of the terrestrial globe, turns to the appearance of man; and here we have the essential conditions of his existence, astronomical, climatic, surface of earth and water, conditions of expansion. With Ranke we enter into the dim halls—or caves—of palæolithic man and his diluvium, and hence into the alluvium, and the gradual rise and progress of neolithic man. We now leave this crepuscule of history and turn to that of our less intermediate fathers.

And here the arrangement followed is altogether original. If we do not start from the Garden of Eden or from Palestine, from Assyria, from Hellas or from Rome, neither do we make our exclusive basis, or the middle group of the picture out of the history of our own country, or even of Europe, or the West. Could any one, like the American writer, attempt to speak of European History, as a thing standing by itself? Will he not have to turn, since the close of the fifteenth century or even since the beginning of the Crusades, ever and again, to Western Asia, to Northern Africa, then to America? And how impossible the attempt rationally to speak of Britain without striding over Greater Britain! Not even a Swiss could shut himself quite up in relating the doings of his fellow Swiss in the hills and dales of his Alps. No, we place the whole globe before us, and we do it in Mercator's projection. Not drawn in the usual way, by which Asia gets bisected and placed on the right and left of the map, whilst America takes the centre, and Europe lies away a little to the right or east, so as to bring home to us, intentionally or not, but vividly, good Bishop Berkeley's line:—

"Westwards the course of Empire takes its way."

For the purposes of this book Mercator's map is so far modified that America is placed on the right or eastern side, whereby Asia remains undivided, and the North and South Pacific come into immediate complete view. And henceforth we follow the waters of the oceans into which the continents jut out, repeating on a large scale the indentations and projections of Mommsen's map of his Mediterranean World; the waters connecting as they divide.

Occupying the greater part of the volume (pp. 181 to 536) Dr. Konrad Haebler, head of the Royal Library at Dresden, a specialist in matters Spanish and Portuguese, a man of vast information and a manifest Roman Catholic, relates to us the history, with due reference to geography and racial questions, of North and South America, beginning with the old riddle as to how man came into that Continent, and closing with the

signature of the treaty of peace on 10 December, 1898 between Spain and the United States. Let it be said, en passant, that the editor, in his introduction, puts in a proviso against wishing to adopt a theory broached by some to the effect that the nature of American antiquities marks a priority in age to those of Assyria or Egypt: convenience of arrangement alone he pleads for placing America ahead of China. Be this as it may, it is certain that much may be learnt from this history of America, especially as to the South American aborigines. Evidently a considerable amount of previous knowledge is required for its study: the book is not food for babes. One or the other point rather upsets our former conceptions, e.g. the very unfavourable view taken here both of the intellectual and moral worth of Columbus; and also the unqualified praise of the work of the Jesuits in Paraguay which requires us to reconsider the impressions drawn from *Candide* and elsewhere. The last part of the book, written by the late Count Wilczek and revised by Dr. Wenle, on the Pacific Ocean, calls for no special observation. The next volume will give us Oceania, Eastern Asia and the Indian Ocean. Only in the sixth volume we shall come to the Teutonic and Romance nations and in Vol. VIII. the Atlantic Ocean will close the circle. It is evident that synchronistic treatment, mostly difficult, becomes impossible by the method adopted in this book, even when it is arranged by vast periods. We arrive nowhere at a possibility of speaking with Hallam of the "Middle Ages." But the student may not rarely find it useful to have some good synchronistic tables by him such as those of the late Professor John Nichol of Glasgow University.

FOUNDING A GREAT COLONY.

"The Naval Pioneers of Australia." By Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery. London: John Murray. 1899. 7s. 6d.

IN our maps of the world at the beginning of this century Australia was called New Holland, while the names Tasmania—or Van Diemen's Land—and New Zealand indicate their Dutch origin. Loss of maritime supremacy in turn deprived Spain, Portugal and Holland of the fruits of their explorations over sea while a century later we reaped the benefit of a policy which enabled us to colonise vast tracts of land without fear of interruption. It may be that but for the loss of our American colonies—obliging us to seek another locality for the transportation of criminals—we should have awaited the issue of our final struggle with France before attempting to found others in the Eastern hemisphere. At any rate that long struggle doubtless delayed emigration to Australia and prevented much attention being given to the small community which had arrived there in 1782, until the events of 1805 had practically assured us the dominion of the sea. The story of the early pioneers of Australia, isolated from the mother country, is exceedingly interesting, and the joint authors of this volume have given an excellent account of the men first entrusted with the settlement at Port Jackson from which arose the fine town of Sydney.

These were all naval officers—Phillip, Hunter, King and Bligh—and if the fact may now seem surprising that the fleet should supply our early colonial governors it should be remembered that success at sea, and the influence of the navy in the expansion of our Empire, had brought that profession into a prominent position. Hence we find one of Nelson's captains the first governor of Malta under British rule and the memory of Captain Ball is still cherished in that island. Other instances such as St. Helena might be quoted. It does not follow a naval officer necessarily makes a good governor, as this volume sufficiently indicates. In Phillip the Government which selected him made a happy choice. He seems to have combined all the qualities required in directing the young colony under his care. His successor Hunter was a failure and King though a stronger man could not keep in order the military element associated with him. But the choice of Bligh who had been captain of the "Bounty" when the crew mutinied seems an extraordinary one. Though

a gallant officer and probably guiltless of downright cruelty when in command assuredly he possessed a most overbearing disposition and arbitrary manner, which made him ill-fitted for a position requiring tact as well as firmness. Eventually he was deposed by a subordinate and went home. The whole affair reads most curiously. Bligh became a Rear-Admiral while the officer—Johnston—who put the governor under arrest was cashiered. Johnston returned to the Colony and became one of its best settlers.

The difficulties these early naval pioneers had to contend against were immense. With an unruly population, a scarcity of provisions, and subordinates who in many instances not only gave little support to the governor but continually wrote home recommending that the attempt to colonise should be abandoned, the only matter for surprise is that any progress was made. These difficulties however did not prevent Phillip and his successors carrying out by land and sea the exploration of the great islands begun by Captain Cook. The work of Flinders and Bass in surveying the coast was most valuable; while it appears that to the former we owe the change of name from New Holland to Australia. His detention at Mauritius as a prisoner for many years cut short his useful career, but others followed in his footsteps until as Phillip predicted it became generally recognised that Australia was "the most valuable acquisition England ever made."

A BISHOP IN PARTIBUS.

"The Episcopate of Charles Wordsworth: a Memoir." By John Wordsworth, D.D., Bishop of Salisbury. London: Macmillan. 1899. 15s.

THE Episcopalian Church in Scotland is a remnant with scanty resources and immense ambitions: the connexion with the Established Church of England has been at once the condition of survival and the barrier to progress. Nowhere is patriotism so intense and exclusive as in Scotland and no institution more effectively expresses the Scottish spirit than the Presbyterian Church. The inevitable dependence of Scottish Episcopalians on English support prejudices them gravely in the judgment of their countrymen. How inevitable that dependence has become is manifest to every student of the miserable history of the Episcopalian Church from the Revolution to the repeal of the Penal Laws in 1782. The Stuarts were a hapless race, to themselves and to their supporters. None proved the truth of this more effectually than the Scottish Jacobites, of whom the majority were Episcopalians. The defeat of the Pretenders almost involved the ruin of the Church, which their meddling interference from over-sea had kept in a perpetual ferment. The Hanoverian dynasty was panic-stricken and brutal. The penal laws of 1746 and 1748 reproduced the barbarities of the Caroline Acts against the English Nonconformists, and there was this difference, that while, in the latter case those acts were only in operation for twenty years, the persecution of the Scottish Episcopalians was continuous for nearly a century. The effect does not justify the opinion of those who hold that persecution necessarily fails of its purpose. The Scottish Church was only not destroyed. In 1688 it is certain that a very large proportion, if not an actual majority, of the nation was Episcopalian. Even in 1745 it is calculated that perhaps half the nobility, and a considerable though a smaller proportion of the gentry retained their ancestral principles. In the northern districts a majority even of the middle and lower classes still adhered to episcopacy, and the Scottish Bishops could command the obedience of more than one hundred and fifty presbyters. Then came the penal laws, which went to the length of totally suppressing the public worship of the Church. When Bishop Falconer died in 1784 there were only four prelates and about forty presbyters in all Scotland: and the laity scarcely included one-twentieth part of the nation.

In order to understand the career of Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of S. Andrews, which has been admirably sketched in a memoir by his distinguished nephew, the present Bishop of Salisbury, it is necessary to have in mind the historic conditions under which

the tiny Episcopalian Church in Scotland has reached its present condition. The man himself was in many respects marked out for the difficult position of a Bishop in partibus. Bred in England in an atmosphere of refinement and scholarly learning, accustomed from boyhood to the tolerant authority and large views of the English Establishment in days before the strenuous conflicts of the century had broken the graceful lethargy of an older time, he carried to Scotland ideas and traditions which matched neither the principles nor the preferences of a narrow and embittered community. His devotion to the cause of Establishment at once commended him to the sympathies of the Presbyterian Church and aroused the suspicions of his own co-religionists. It is impossible to read the tiresome record of petty squabbles with his cathedral chapter without reaching the conclusion that the fons et origo malorum were to be found in an inherent "incompatibility of temper" between the Bishop and his clergy. He rather despised them and they largely distrusted him. The grand purpose to which he devoted his long life—the reconciliation of the Episcopalians with the Presbyterians—aroused their fears and alienated their sympathies. The controversies which followed in the wake of the Oxford Movement introduced a new element of bitterness. Scottish Episcopalians readily welcomed the high Sacramental views and rigid ecclesiastical theories of the Tractarians: their disestablished condition and the circumstances of their history predisposed them to adopt an attitude of spiritual independence difficult to reconcile with episcopal authority and frankly contemptuous of that deference to the State which ranked in Bishop Wordsworth's mind almost as a principle of religion. The more impression he made on the Presbyterians, the less he commanded the confidence of his own community. No doubt as years passed his influence increased. His great powers of mind and character necessarily told in a community, not conspicuous for men of real ability. His co-religionists could not be unconscious of the fact that he was by far the most distinguished and impressive member of the hierarchy. Moreover his devotion to the cause of reunion, sustained through an episcopate of forty years, commanded respect. If it were too much to say that he became actually popular at the close of his life, it is certainly the fact that he was universally regarded with respect and admiration. It is certain that his services to the Episcopalian cause were very great. He found an obscure and timid remnant, narrow in belief and abject in demeanour: he left a Church, increasing in numbers, ambitious and enterprising. How far he actually furthered the cause of reunion may be doubted. He himself probably valued too highly the concessions which individual Presbyterians seemed to make: he interpreted as agreement with his argument what was, perhaps, little more than homage to himself. Permanent reunion will hardly be reached by a process of diplomacy: for the questions at issue are not the exclusive concern of officials, they affect the individual conscience. It is indeed evident that in all sections of divided Christendom profound dissatisfaction with the existing anarchy is not only felt but expressed. Reunion is in the air. The Nonconformist bodies are drawing together in federations. Quite recently a common catechism has been agreed upon by the representatives of denominations which claim to number sixty millions of adherents. The reunion of two of the three sections of Scottish Presbyterians is an accomplished fact. The premature and irresponsible movement for reunion between the Churches of England and Rome has indeed been nipped in the bud by a Protestant reaction, but more hope of ultimate success seems to attach to the cautious attempts made by members of both the Churches to draw into working harmony the State Churches of England and Russia. A review of Christendom certainly suggests the conclusion that in consecrating his life to the cause of Reunion Bishop Wordsworth rightly divined the aspirations of his own generation and indicated the direction in which those aspirations may possibly be satisfied. To spend forty years as the leader of a small minority preaching reconciliation to the majority of a nation and to die sur-

rounded by friends and amid universal regret is in itself no small service to the cause of peace and probably a unique achievement in the case of a bishop in partibus.

GOLD MINES.

"The Gold Mines of the World." By J. H. Curle. London: Waterlow and Sons. 16s. net.

MR. CURLE'S work is a departure in mining literature. Works of reference there are, and publications containing illustrated descriptions of mining properties—descriptions in many cases inspired to greater or lesser extent by those who have an object in directing the attention of the public to the properties in question: but "The Gold Mines of the World" is neither the former nor the latter. The writer has visited the seven gold-mining centres in which British capital is most heavily invested, namely the Transvaal, India, Western Australia, Queensland, New Zealand, British Columbia and Rhodesia; and the outcome of his journeyings and inspections is the presentation of a volume illustrated with plans and photographs and containing in concise form information, together with practical advice, for investors. After brief reference to the origin of the gold-mining industry in each country, the chief geological features, the general conditions under which mining operations are carried on, the relations existing between the Governments and the companies, the mining laws, the system of management in vogue, working costs and so forth, receive attention. Here the author displays no reticence in expressing opinions as to what is good and what is bad: in throwing out suggestions as to the procedure which should in his judgment be employed and the directions in which existing methods might be improved. Then the principal mines are dealt with seriatim in measure bearing some relation to their varying importance. The salient features of each property are concisely stated, and, where practicable, a value placed upon the shares.

To the amateur investor in mines the value of a work such as this is too obvious to need any insistence, provided of course that the writer's facts and deductions are reliable. In regard to the former of these two points it should be sufficient to point out that of the mines dealt with two hundred and twenty-eight were inspected underground by Mr. Curle, while in other cases information was obtained from reliable sources on the spot. The deductions also are worthy of careful consideration—although not necessarily of absolute and unquestioning acceptance. In this connexion we notice a mixture of pessimism and positivism which is certainly open to criticism. Shares are stated to be of a certain precise value in pounds, shillings and pence; or, in the alternative, properties are asserted in the most emphatic terms to be of no value whatever. In some cases there appears scarcely sufficient ground for the attitude adopted. For example, in dealing with the Associated Gold Mines of Western Australia the writer, after calling attention to the immense value of the "Australia" group of leases, observes that "all the other leases are worthless and should be got rid of." At the time of writing it was no doubt perfectly true that none of the other five leases held by the company had been proved to be of value but circumstance scarcely justified the assertion made, and it is worthy of note that within the past few months the discovery on one of these other blocks of a lode of considerable width and of payable value has been announced. But in particular circumstances the pessimism is almost a recommendation. The average dabbler in mines is by nature altogether too optimistic—almost invariably taking all the favourable possibilities of the position at their maximum and resolutely ignoring all possibilities of a contrary nature. To the average speculator or investor we therefore recommend "The Gold Mines of the World" as a useful corrective.

Mr. Curle's work is prefaced and concluded by chapters of advice and admonition. In these pages the tricks of the unscrupulous promoter, the ways of guinea-pig directors, of incompetent or dishonest mine managers, the subsidised press, and other abuses that flourish in connection with gold-mining are laid bare with unsparing hand; nor is the greedy gullibility

of the speculator allowed to pass unnoticed. In addition to these warnings some very sound advice is tendered as to the procedure which should be adopted by those who desire to make money through the medium of gold-mining shares. "Act with extreme caution and take a fair profit" is the keynote of Mr. Curle's observations under this head.

NOVELS.

"The Virgins of the Rocks." Translated from the Italian of Gabriele d'Annunzio by Agatha Hughes. London: Heinemann. 1899. 6s.

"Io farò una finzione, che significherà cose grandi," we read on the title-page, but Signor d'Annunzio's fiction has no significance of any sort, and this particular book scarcely possesses even the semblance of a story. Three young princesses, living in a remote castle of Southern Italy, are stirred by the arrival of the hero, and think to themselves, "Ah! which of us will be the elect?" Signor d'Annunzio writes in the first person, which renders his ineffable conceit unduly exasperating. His bombastic style has been somewhat mitigated in translations of previous books; but yet we have full justice done to it, and the result rings discordantly in sane minds. At the outset there are fanciful, picturesque vignettes of the three maidens, or rather of their souls, wildly high-flown, of course, but yet capable of interpretation. Then, for some fifty pages, we find raving nonsense, a meaningless hash of ancient history and heated diatribes which lead laboriously to nothing at all. The rest of the book is made up of minute and often unsavoury details of the hero's relations with the three heroines; we watch him raise their humble hopes in turn, until finally he allows one of them to become a poor Clare, the second refuses him because she deems it her duty to nurse her mad mother, the third is left still hoping for a proposal. Not only is there no sense in the book, but even a climax or conclusion is not vouchsafed to us. The author's inextinguishable coarseness is accentuated by its high-falutin garb, and the long spells of gibberish afford a relief which is almost welcome. One or two quotations may serve as a warning to any who might be tempted to plunge into this literary Dead Sea: "Ah! but what magic could impart the coherency of tangible and durable matter to that spiritual texture which the three prisoners wove in the barren monotony of their days, and embroidered little by little with images of the most heart-rending things in which human passion has ever been hopelessly reflected?" "To him who knows what slow or sudden fertilisations, what unexpected transfigurations, are possible to an intense soul communicating with other souls in the vicissitudes of this most uncertain life—to him for whom the whole dignity of existence lies in exerting or submitting to a moral force, and who approaches his kind with a secret anxiety to dominate or be dominated—to every man who is curious about the inner mystery, who is ambitious of spiritual power, or feels the need of slavery, no hour has such a charm as that in which he moves forward, with a vague anticipation, to meet the living Unknown and Infinite, a dim world which he will either conquer; or by which he will be absorbed." The best part of the book is to be found in the quotations from Leonardo da Vinci which head the chapters.

"Mr. and Mrs. Nevill Tyson." By May Sinclair. London: W. Blackwood and Sons. 1898. 3s. 6d.

If it be a canon of fiction, as it is of the drama, that however an author may bewilder his own puppets among themselves, the public has a right to insist upon being taken into his confidence, then there is an offence committed by Miss Sinclair's most unmistakably clever book which a little spoils the effect. The reader does not know what to make of Mrs. Nevill Tyson. It is not even quite clear that the author has not felt herself something of a Frankenstein after the creation of her. That she impresses herself as a live enigma and no creature of straw is undeniable, but an enigma she remains until the end. Her naïveté and almost incredible innocence go to induce one impression of her; the

"little ways" that scandalise the county and the unaccountable speeches, to describe them mildly, that startle the man who most firmly believes in her, seem to show quite different characteristics. The husband is far easier to understand. He is a character that we do not remember to have met before in a woman's novel: it does credit to Miss Sinclair that she has been able to realise anything so subtly unfeminine. The man's disgust at finding that his perfectly genuine high moral feelings do not last after the novelty of his wife's disfigurement has worn off, with the passion of pity it inspired, is admirably done and thoroughly to be understood. The delicate situation between husband and lover is touched as carefully as may be, without however being particularly convincing. The author has deliberately handicapped herself with the most difficult materials possible, and she has not succeeded entirely in hiding their unwieldiness. But we thank her for something new both in matter and manner.

"Little King Rannie." By M. E. Winchester. London: Digby, Long and Co. 1899. 6s.

The author asks indulgence for a new departure, in that most of her books have been written for children, whereas "Little King Rannie," in spite of the nursery ring about its title, is a novel. It is a tale in quite the good old style, of a shipwreck and a missing heir and a beautiful little golden-haired boy who comes to his own. The plot is of the stalest, yet the book is engaging. The characterisation could not well be cruder, from the rich Americans who have made their money in hogs—when does the American of English fiction ever make money in anything else?—to the schoolboy who talks like this of a chum, in his play-time: "Here is he, the youngest of us all, showing us the example of keeping our minds fixed on the all-important main object of saving a struggling fellow-creature's life, and making an effort to aid distress and sorrow." None of this is offensive, if it does recall the early 'sixties. What is far worse, and what we found exasperating, is the mania for introducing French words and tags into the text. We have never seen this vice carried to such excess in a single book before. On page 86, we have "vraie passion," "rosiers," "tout ensemble," and "massifs"; on the next page, "servi," and "en deuil"; but page 118 takes the prize, for it has "mauvais quart d'heure," "savoir-faire," "à l'aise," "coterie" and "causerie," all packed into the first fifteen lines. This is the worst point of a harmless and kindly little book, and the author will probably take the hint for her next.

"Fortune at the Helm." By Mrs. Herbert Martin. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1899. 6s.

This is a quiet, pleasantly-written novel of the kind that points a moral without over-emphasis. The heroine is particularly bright and well drawn, and many of the minor characters are rather happily hit off. There is a kindly Dissenting minister, who "talked of the 'dear Lord' as if He were a gentleman of his intimate acquaintance, Heaven as if he had spent a week there, Hell as if he had looked in at the windows," and so on. The style is fair, with occasional comicalities like the hash of pronouns on page 302, where the hero's "usual reserve broke down, and leaning on his breast and feeling his heart beat in thick, quick throbs, he was able to express something of his tenderness." A hero supple enough to lean on his own breast would, unlike the author, have little difficulty in expressing anything.

"A Mayfair Marriage." By Grammont Hamilton. London: Grant Richards. 1898. 6s.

This unique production purports to be "a London and Paris book." More than once, while we read it, we were tempted to think it a Bedlam and Hanwell one. Originality of style it may have, and the germ of an idea: which germ, however, has been developed before now in Mr. Hardy's "The Well-beloved," even if we leave out Mr. Le Gallienne's "Quest of the Golden Girl." The heroine's search for the ideal of her dreams has the merit of being entered upon in a thoroughly experimental spirit; her husband watching results with the most amiable interest possible, until she ends where she began—in his accommodating arms. Paris, we hope, will appreciate its "book." English husbands are still distressingly crude upon these points.

"The Human Boy." By Eden Phillpotts. London: Methuen. 1899. 6s.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts has a graceful pen and a gift of ready humour. His human boy is quite human, being a cheery individual in process of education at a somewhat nondescript school, a private establishment containing 225 pupils all bent on enjoying themselves in ways befitting their ages which vary rather widely. They make love to "the Doctor's" daughters, and blacken one another's eyes in their eagerness to win the smiles of these rather forward young ladies; they have a barring-out (surely an obsolete mode of remonstrance with authority); they keep pets from piebald rats to spiders, tease the French master, and run away with a view to becoming buccaneers, behaving altogether much as boys have done in fact and still more frequently in fiction since boys have learnt to be boys. In short "The Human Boy" is a good book to laugh over, and if it will not rank among the author's more ambitious work as a searching and accurate study of human character it does not claim to do so.

"In the Dark." By Esmé Stuart. London: John Long. 1899. 6s.

We have had many stories recently in which the scenes have been laid in fictitious European States where impending revolutions and a demoralised police to some extent account for the difficulties and dangers which involve the hero or the heroine. Miss Stuart is a more ambitious author. She asks us to realise the preposterous in modern Venice and modern Paris, and her kidnapped doctor and the secret society into the clutches of which he falls make demands upon our credulity to which it is not easy to respond. If we could bring ourselves to believe that Denis Courthouse, represented as a rather superior sort of person among men, could have succumbed so weakly to circumstances and the secret society we might find "In the Dark" a very interesting book. As it is those not blessed with a full measure of the credulity so valuable to novel-readers will get rather tired of Dr. Courthouse and the two young ladies who take such misplaced interest in his welfare.

"Jaspar Tristram." By A. W. Clarke. London: William Heinemann. 1899. 6s.

Jaspar Tristram is the dreary hero of a dreary story which would have more chance of finding readers were he himself of more attractive material. As it is morbid and introspective he pervades its pages, and the heroine who flits across the scene towards the end has hardly a chance of redeeming the interest with her shadowy personality. It is not everyone who will persevere so far as the really clever and charming picture of Nita as a child. The minute details of bullying, and other things equally repulsive, in a badly managed private school of twenty years ago, and a larger and possibly public school that is not much better, may prove the author's intimacy with the worst side of school life, but will sicken women and irritate men, while of design there is nothing to interest those to whom stories of schoolboys naturally appeal. And yet there are passages full of good work in the book; from a literary point of view it is far above the average novel, and one feels with regret that much time and labour have been thrown away upon it.

"From the Broad Acres." By J. S. Fletcher. London: Grant Richards. 1899. 2s.

Twenty-one short stories of rustic life in Yorkshire form the contents of this volume, and of their kind they are good. They are picturesque sketches of countrymen and countrywomen, young and old, written with observation, skill, and suggestion, by the practised hand of a "Son of the Soil." If the pathos and the humour are tranquil rather than startling, the volume is pleasant to read and as such to be commended to readers, who may however fairly complain that it is a trifle monotonous in subject and treatment.

"That Fortune." By Charles Dudley Warner. London and New York: Harper. 1899. 6s.

Mr. Dudley Warner's characters are human and interesting, and this latest production of his prolific

pen is attractively written and worth reading. The evolution of Evelyn Mavick, the heiress to a large fortune, who was educated in "the world of ideas and literature," not in the conflicts of life, whose want of worldly wisdom was counterbalanced by power of discernment and strength of character, is a wholesome, sympathetic, rather than an elaborate study. Mr. Warner's aphorisms are generally humorous, and not the least so those which are directed against the affectations of some modern authors and journalists.

"Comrades of the Black Cross." By Hume Nisbet. London: White. 1899. 3s. 6d.

"Comrades of the Black Cross" is an ingenious combination of the shilling shocker and the modern police report. Setting out with the laudable intention of being accurate and thorough, Mr. Nisbet's imagination has in the end run away with him. However in dealing with such a very Napoleon of crime as the hero much might be forgiven if to the other faults of the book Mr. Nisbet had not managed to add the unpardonable one of dullness.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Florizel's Folly." By John Ashton. With thirteen illustrations. London: Chatto and Windus. 1899.

A writer who turns out one or two books every year has a presumptive right to be called industrious. How he can do it without an undue waste of mental tissue is shown in "Florizel's Folly," by Mr. John Ashton, an acknowledged master in the use of those labour-saving appliances, the scissors and the paste-pot. But it is only fair to add that he never tries to conceal his indebtedness. The description he gives, covering nearly forty pages, of Brighton Pavilion as it was left by George IV., has been lifted bodily from a work published about sixty years ago by Mr. Edward Wedlake Brayley. "This edifice, which, in respect to architectural form, has no parallel in Europe, nor perhaps on the globe," was, it is well known, the scene of some of "Prince Florizel's" most vulgar dissipations, as it was a principal cause of his financial embarrassments. It now serves Mr. Ashton as a peg for his conscientious descriptions of vicious life. We should enjoy them better if the narrator had not thought himself bound on occasions to assume the airs of a moralist. The Duke of Norfolk—who was, at least, a gentleman even in his cups—Mr. Ashton dismisses as "a wretched old sensualist," and complains that Thackeray, in dealing with him, gets "maudlinly sentimental." Mr. Ashton on Thackeray! If there was any occasion to treat our author as a historian, or even as a compiler with a reputation, we might show that he has done less than justice to Mrs. Robinson, the Perdita whom Florizel so shabbily abandoned, and concedes rather more than a proper allowance to Mrs. Fitzherbert, who knew very well what she was doing when she entered into her semi-legal association with the heir to the throne. Before she crossed his path she was already an experienced woman of the world, and if she was afterwards disappointed it was because she had set her mind on the unattainable. Still, so far as the main facts of her story are concerned they are faithfully related by Mr. Ashton, and put together in an interesting way. He has the knack of using his extracts to the best advantage, and omitting what would be tedious or irrelevant. That, perhaps, is why he is more popular than many a better writer. And this book, like most which bear his name, is attractively illustrated. It is difficult to finish a review of one of his books without a feeling of remorse—at having let him off too lightly.

"The Diary of a Condemned Man." By Alfred Hermann Fried. Translated from the German by S. Van Straalen. London: William Heinemann. 1899. 2s. 6d.

Under this catch-penny title we are presented with an emotional appeal for the abolition of capital punishment. The subject, no doubt, is fairly open to argument, but not in this manner. The instance selected is, to begin with, not a typical one. The condemned criminal is a cultivated person who has read his Lessing carefully enough to quote it in jail; he killed his man in a sudden paroxysm of rage and fear; and no small part of the mental agony which he describes is due to the fact that he had some expectation that his sentence might be modified. He was tortured less by apprehension than by uncertainty. Nor can it be denied that his suspense was unduly prolonged. The first entry in this supposed diary was made on 3 November; the execution did not take place till 16 May. This would be impossible in England, where the customary three weeks' interval is seldom, if ever, exceeded. In Germany the rule appears to be less merciful; and in the United States and in Spain even longer delays are permitted. On this point it may be thought, by those who have patience to read Herr Fried's sensational pages, that a good case for reform has been made out. But it is no more an argument against capital punishment than it would have been in England, just a generation ago.

to insist on the demoralisation caused by public executions. The more rational parts of the treatise—for such it is—are those which lay on society the guilt of acts committed by individual members; they possess such authority as is conferred by the speculations of those sentimental Determinists, chiefly Italian, who repudiate the whole idea of personal responsibility. They are quite as much opposed to penal servitude as to hanging—to any treatment, indeed, which is not purely “therapeutic.” There is neither time nor need to discuss such theories here, but they must be accepted *in toto* before any importance can be attached to Herr Fried’s work. And we are a little surprised that a learned professor of Darmstadt—a professor ought at least to be logical—should have contributed a commendatory preface. The book has some powerful passages, but it is easy to be eloquent when you describe agony or appeal to pity, just as any painter can produce strong effects with vivid colours. But there is no reality in either case; nor much semblance of it. The German has been rendered into simple flowing English. But we notice one slip. The condemned man sees a vision of human justice. “Oh, that spook!” he cries, “I see him still before me.” Spook, we know, is good German and good Dutch, but in English it is merely comic. Or is it that the spiritualists have made it so? It has even been derived from the Greek ψυχή, by a familiar and characteristic transposition due to mental perturbation. A similar instance of unconscious word-making was afforded by the gentleman who entered his club at a late hour and called for a glass of Scotchulspesh.

“Lives and Times of the Early Valois Queens.” By Catherine Bearne. London: Fisher Unwin. 1899. 10s. 6d.

This book has no claim to originality but it is a conscientious attempt to edit for the British maiden an account of the four Queens of France whose lives were contemporaneous with the most troubled years of the French monarchy. That it is not inaccurate and is in every way a blameless publication we are free to maintain, but it is no serious contribution to history and gives no sort of a picture of the terrible years for France which came with the opening of the Hundred Years’ War. One page of Michelet will tell the inquirer more about the real state in which these unhappy ladies found themselves and their country. Nevertheless no honest effort to interest the English reader in the most romantic of histories can be otherwise than commended. We fear we cannot say as much for the illustrations with which this work is bemuddled. One good map of contemporary France would be worth all these bleared and fluffy prints. We suppose that the blatant cover of the volume with its gilt partisans and crowns and fleurs de lys is intended to suggest royalty but it is in reality a gross caricature of the carriage panels of a newly beknighted alderman.

“Impressions of America.” By T. C. Porter. London: Pearson. 1899. 10s. 6d.

The only fault we have to find with this volume is the title, which is far too pretentious for the contents. It is, in fact, a sketchy account of a holiday visit to Niagara, Yellowstone Park, Colorado Springs and the Yosemite Valley. To call it vaguely “Impressions of America” is misleading. Mr. Porter is an expert photographer and has taken some charming pictures of the scenes he visited which have been well reproduced. The publishers have introduced a small stereoscope which greatly enhances the value of the photographs. The author devotes several pages to demonstrating the method by which one may acquire the power of seeing pictures in “stereoscopic relief” which is interesting. There are also some good notes on “The Gulf Stream” and “A New Theory of Geysers” which are worth study. The book is admirably got up.

“Compulsory Licences under the Patent Acts.” By J. W. Gordon. London: Stevens and Sons. 1899.

Mr. Gordon has written a useful book on an interesting subject. About the middle of the present century, there was a considerable outcry on the part of people who either were deficient in inventive genius or had the misfortune to have their inventions anticipated by other people who enjoyed a larger share of it, against the policy of the patent law. Much nonsense was talked about “the dead hand of the Elizabethan monopoly” and the odiousness of privilege. The agitation acquired some volume and ultimately found its natural outlet in a succession of Parliamentary inquiries. The main result of these investigations was to secure the patent law permanently against any further attack, at least with the slightest prospect of success, on the same or similar lines. But the movement left its mark at one point on the English patent system. A provision was inserted in the Patents Act enabling the Board of Trade to compel a patentee who is not making his patent in England or not supplying the public requirements in regard to his invention to grant licences on reasonable terms to other persons to make use of it. For a long time this provision remained a dead letter, possibly, as Mr. Gordon suggests, because it did not apply to patents under the old law. But in 1897 a serious application was made to the Board of Trade for a compulsory licence. There have been seven cases since then and others are pending. Under these circumstances Mr. Gordon has selected the “compulsory licences” section of the Patents Act for separate treatment and has produced a mono-

graph on the subject containing everything that a lawyer or patent agent needs to know about. The book contains much curious ancient learning, to which the historical student will turn with pleasure, and unlike the average legal treatise, is written in readable English.

“Old Cambridge” (Macmillan. 5s.), by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, belongs to a series of “National Studies in American Letters,” and is a very interesting résumé of the history and associations of an American university town, with which the names of Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, and others are so intimately connected.—“Essays on Browning” (Swan Sonnenschein. 3s. 6d.), by Marion Little, will no doubt attract many readers who have not found the time—the author says all have the brains—to understand the poet. Browning’s public, we suppose, will continue to be a small one, commentators and expositors notwithstanding, but the failure of the average man to read the Browning riddle cannot rob the poet of his place among the great ones. The author of these essays is at times a little obscure, but on the whole we get a simple and clear-cut view of Browning’s claims as poet and thinker.—In “Looking Ahead” (Tennyson Neely. 5s.) H. Pereira Mendes speculates on “twentieth century happenings,” with especial reference to the “mighty moral and physical” possibilities which would be opened up by a union of the English-speaking nations, and to the importance to all mankind of the preservation of the Jews and the restoration of a Jewish State. There is to be plenty of national and religious strife in the twentieth century if Mr. Mendes is a good prophet.—The Rev. S. Baring-Gould’s life of Robert Stephen Hawker, M.A., “The Vicar of Morwenstow” (Methuen. 3s. 6d.), has just been issued in a new and revised edition. Once when Mr. Hawker was accused of being a Roman Catholic he answered: “I am a priest of the Church, of the Church of God, of that Church which was hundreds of years in Cornwall before a Pope of Rome was thought of.”

SCHOOL BOOKS.

“Nikias and the Sicilian Expedition.” By the Rev. A. J. Church. London: Seeley. 1899. 1s. 6d.

Nikias was one of those unfortunate individuals whose private life is excellent, but who in their public capacity are quite unequal to coping with the demands of the times. Not strong enough either to take a decided lead or to combat a policy they feel to be wrong, in doubtful and difficult crises they are nearly always certain to be found as unwilling co-operators in the disasters of their country. The conduct of Nikias is a striking example of the above theory. The man who in his desire to “dish” Cleon was ready to risk the welfare of his country was marked out in advance to consummate its ruin under the walls of Syracuse. It is the great tragedy of Athenian overthrow in Sicily in which Nikias took a leading part that has preserved his name from oblivion. His own countrymen showed their opinion of his worth by blotting out his name on the monument they raised to the fallen to set in its place that of his worthier colleague Demosthenes. The monograph of the Rev. A. J. Church should prove interesting to those who cannot read the history of the Sicilian Expedition in the pages of Thucydides. We note one curious misprint “absolutely.”

“Hannibal and the Great War between Rome and Carthage.” By W. W. How, M.A. London: Seeley. 1899. 2s.

The Life of Hannibal may be a thrice told tale but it is one of which one can never weary. By the side of such a patriot the weak-kneed Nikias seems but a mere pinchbeck patriot—despite the encomiums of Aristotle. Nikias has scarcely personality enough to fill the Syracusan stage on which was enacted the scene of his tragic end. Hannibal stands out boldly after many centuries from a background that was no other than the ancient world itself. Mr. How has entered into the labours of many who have gone before him and drawn up a short sketch in every way worthy of his fascinating subject.

“The Classics for the Million.” By Henry Grey. London: Sonnenschein and Co.

“The Classics for the Million” is an heroic attempt to give a bird’s-eye view of the whole range of classical literature from Homer to Quintilian in the narrow space of 350 pages. The volume shows signs of the expenditure of a great deal of reading, though the results given are not always up to date. That the book has gone to supply a want is shown by the fact that in the race for the million it has already reached its eighteenth thousand. But we cannot look on the work as an unqualified success: no one has yet managed to accomplish the impossible feat of getting a quart into a pint pot. Mr. Grey tries to lighten the problem by throwing overboard the æsthetic or critical side of the question, which is however of the greatest importance to the unclassical reader in enabling him to locate in his own mind the various authors in something like a proper hierarchy of merit. Mr. Grey’s method is to serve up an endless series of epitomes of the principal works of the various authors, garnished with a few tit-bits in the shape of quotations. But these tit-bits are so rare that their comparative freshness only makes the “taste of tin” more obvious in the epitomes themselves. In any case they are so boiled down

that all the original savour and flavour have evaporated. Who for instance can have the slightest idea of the grandeur and beauty of the Prometheus Vincit from a bald condensation of the plot in twenty lines? There is far more of what Master Rabelais called the "mouelle substantifique" in Professor Jebb's little primer on Greek literature than in this elaborate collection of "dry bones" for the million.

Siepmann's German Series Advanced.—"Goethe's Iphigenie auf Tauris." By H. B. Cotterill. Macmillan. 1899. 3s.

This edition of Goethe's "Iphigenie auf Tauris" is remarkable for the fulness of its introduction. Especially worthy of notice is the scholarly excursus on the legend and its probable origin. Mr. Cotterill has little difficulty in showing that in this case as in many others the so-called solar myth theory is the purest "moonshine." The real solution of the problem must be sought in the comparative study of religions. Less satisfactory is Mr. Cotterill's criticism of French plays on the same subject; which he dismisses as "caricatures." To apply such a term to Racine's "Iphigénie" can only redound to the discredit of the critic. Racine's "Iphigénie" is likely to last quite as long as Goethe's "Iphigenie," while, as a stage piece, its success has always been more considerable than that of its German namesake.

Macmillan's Primary Series—"Les Violettes Blanches." By Emile Richebourg. Edited by M. J. Julien.

M. Julien has edited "Les Violettes Blanches" of Richebourg for Messrs. Macmillan's Primary Series, whatever that may mean exactly. It is not quite clear either why he has pitched on this particular tale which is no better and no worse than the countless romances that came from the prolific pen of M. Richebourg who in his day was little more than a pot-boiler novelist of the "Family Herald" type with a soupçon at times of "Bow Bells." The notes strike us as giving exactly the kind of help that is either superfluous or better withheld. Thus we have time after time simple phrases like "c'est fini" translated. There is quite a touch of "English as she is spoke" about the phrase "a gush (sic) of wind."

"The Certificate History of England, 1700-1789." University Tutorial Series. By A. J. Evans and C. S. Fearnside. London: W. B. Clive. 1899. 3s. 6d.

This "Certificate History of England" does not appear to be so much a separate work, as a slice taken out of a larger publication which includes the whole history of the country. The book is none the less a complete whole. It is brightly written, well put together and illustrated with useful maps and plans. We specially commend to other publishers the sensible manner in which the map at the commencement is inserted. It enables the reader to work with it alongside of the page he is reading without having to constantly refer back to it by turning over the leaves as is generally the case. Although the history is openly and avowedly a crammer's book, its authors have taken a wider and more liberal view of their subject than merely catering for the ordinary "passeé" by contributing some excellent bibliographical notes at the end of each chapter.

"School Arithmetic." By A. Macdonald. London: Macmillan. 1899. 2s. 6d.

This book is an absolute negation of anything educational. As a sort of mine from which to extract examples and examination papers it has a kind of utilitarian value. But the teacher and pupil alike must be warned against using its explanations.

For This Week's Books see page 310.

NOTICES.

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ENLARGEMENT OF THE COLLEGE.—The new laboratories and class
rooms for Bacteriology, Public Health, Operative Surgery, Chemistry, Biology, &c.
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The Clubs' Union Athletic Ground is within easy reach of the Hospital.

Luncheons or dinners at moderate charges can be obtained in the Students' Club.
The Metropolitan and other railways have stations close to the Hospital and
College.For prospectus and information as to residence, &c., apply personally or by
letter to
Mile End, E.

MUNRO SCOTT, Warden.

GUY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

THE WINTER SESSION will begin on MONDAY,
OCTOBER 2. Entrance scholarships of the combined value of £410 are
awarded annually, and numerous prizes and medals are open for competition by
students of the school.

The number of patients treated in the wards during last year exceeded 6,500.

All hospital appointments are made strictly in accordance with the merits of the
candidates, and without extra payment. There are 28 resident appointments open
to students of the Hospital annually, without payment of additional fees, and
numerous non-resident appointments in the general and special departments. The
Queen Victoria Ward, recently reopened, will provide additional accommodation
for gynecological and maternity cases.The College accommodates 60 students, under the supervision of a resident
warden.The Dental School provides the full curriculum required for the L.D.S. England.
The Clubs' Union Athletic Ground is easily accessible.A handbook of information for those about to enter the medical profession will be
forwarded on application.For the Prospectus of the School, containing full particulars as to fees, course of
study advised, regulations of the College, &c., apply personally, or by letter, to the
Dean, Guy's Hospital, London Bridge, S.E.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

STUDENTS in ARTS and SCIENCE, Engineering,
Architecture, and Applied Sciences, Medicine, and other branches of
Education will be admitted for the NEXT TERM Tuesday, October 3. Evening
Classes commence Thursday, October 5.Students are classed on entrance according to their proficiency, and terminal
reports of the progress and conduct of matriculated students are sent to their
parents and guardians. There are entrance scholarships and exhibitions.Students may join either for the full courses at a composition fee, or be admitted
for the separate classes.

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For prospectus and all information apply to the SECRETARY, King's College,
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THE VAN DYCK TERCENTENARY.

THE DOME for September contains 8 Full-page Plates

after Van Dyck, and contributions by Laurence Binyon, A. H. Holmes, C. J. Holmes, "Israfel," &c. The August Number (beginning a new volume) is still on sale. It contains a colour-print after Hiroshige, a frieze (30 by 84 inches) by Benjamin Creswick, and many full-page plates, stories, and articles. Price 1s. net.

THE VINEDRESSER. By T. STURGE MOORE. Fcap.

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. 271. SEPTEMBER 1899.

ARE WE TO LOSE SOUTH AFRICA?—A REJOINDER. By SIR SIDNEY SHIFFARD, K.C.M.G. (*late Administrator and Chief Magistrate of British Bechuanaland*).

THE IMPERIAL FUNCTION OF TRADE. By HENRY BIRCHENOUGH.

RIFLE-SHOOTING AS A NATIONAL SPORT. By W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

THE FUTURE OF THE GREAT ARMIES. By SIDNEY LOW.

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AN INDIAN PLAGUE STORY. By CORNELIA SORARJI.

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The *Athenaeum* says:—"A singular feature of the case is the intrepidity of most of the witnesses."

The *Spectator*, August 26, says:—"The book is a valuable, interesting and somewhat record of very curious phenomena."

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THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

FICTION.

The Path of a Star (S. Jeannette Duncan). Methuen. 6s.
For the Sake of the Duchesse (S. Walkley). Bristol: Arrowsmith. 6s.

Caramella (G. P. Hawtreay). Bristol: Arrowsmith. 6s.

Mammon and Co. (E. F. Benson). Heinemann. 6s.

The Tenor and the Boy (Sarah Grand). Heinemann. 1s. 6d.

HISTORY.

History of the Castle, Town, and Port of Dover (The Rev. S. P. H. Statham). Longmans. 10s. 6d.

A History of the Peace Conference at the Hague (Perris). 6d.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Progressive Lessons in Science (A. Abbott and Arthur Key). Blackie. 3s. 6d.

Blackie's Modern Language Series: Les Deux Bossus; From "Les Légendes de France" (Henry Carnoy); Songs of Béranger (George H. Ely, 2 vols.). Blackie. 1s. each.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

The Pathology of Emotions: Physiological and Clinical Studies (Ch. Féré; Rendered into English by Robert Park). University Press. 15s.

The Universal Illusion of Free Will and Criminal Responsibility (A. Hamon). University Press. 3s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

A History of the Book of Common Prayer (J. H. Maude). Rivingtons. 1s.

The English Reformation (W. H. Hutton). Rivingtons. 1s.

Meditations for Quiet Moments (Rev. J. H. Jowett). R. T. S. 1s. 6d.

In the Twilight Side by Side (Ruth Lamb, 1st Series). R. T. S. 1s. 6d.

VERSE.

On Fenland Reeds (Frank Harold Clarke). Wisbech: Poyser. 1s.

Rhymes of Road, Rail, and River (E. Derry). Bristol: Arrowsmith. 1s.

Little Tapers: a Day Book of Verses (Frederick Langbridge). R. T. S. 1s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Book of the West, A: Being an Introduction to Devon and Cornwall, Vol. 1, Devon; Vol. 2, Cornwall (S. Baring Gould). Methuen. 12s.

Darwin on Trial at the Old Bailey (Democritus). Watford, London: University Press. 2s.

Government of London, The, under the London Government Act, 1899 (J. R. Seager). King. 2s.

Jew, The Modern (Arnold White). Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Jewish Year Book, The, 5660 (1899-1900). Edited by Joseph Jacobs. Greenberg. 2s. 6d.

Religious Tract Society, The Story of the (Samuel G. Green). R. T. S. 1s. 6d.

Yorkshire, Picturesque History of (J. S. Fletcher) (Part VI.). Dent. 1s.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER:—Journal of the Royal United Service Institution, 2s.; English Illustrated Magazine, 6d.; Longman's Magazine, 6d.; Cornhill Magazine, 1s.; The Art Journal, 1s. 6d.; Fifty Years of Art (8), 1s. 6d.; Cassier's Magazine (Electric Railway Number); Windsor Magazine, 6d.; The Humanitarian, 6d.; Fortnightly Review, 2s. 6d.; The Arena, 2s. 6d.; Harper's, 1s.; Crampton's, 6d.; New Century Review, 6d.; The Contemporary, 2s. 6d.; Blackwood's Magazine, 2s. 6d.; The Nineteenth Century, 2s. 6d.; Macmillan's Magazine, 1s.; The Argosy, 1s.; Temple Bar, 1s.; The Century Illustrated, 1s. 4d.; St. Nicholas, 1s.; The Antiquary, 6d.; Genealogical Magazine, 1s.; The United Service Magazine, 2s.; The Piccadilly Magazine (No. 1), 6d.; The Strand Magazine, 6d.; The Captain, 6d.; The Wide World Magazine, 6d.; The Atlantic Monthly, 1s.; Scribner's Magazine, 1s.; Parent's Review, 6d.; National Review, 2s. 6d.; Butterfly, 6d.; Mercure de France; Musical Times, 4d.; Ladies' Kennel Journal, 1s.; Revue des Revues; The Idler, 1s.

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DIRECTORS' QUARTERLY REPORT

For the Three Months ending 30th JUNE, 1899.

To the Shareholders.

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors have pleasure in submitting the following Report on the working operations of the Company for the Three Months ending 30th June, 1899, which show a total profit of £91,805 4s. 2d.

MINE.

Number of feet Driven, Sunk and Risen, exclusive of Stopes	1,101 feet.
Ore Developed	97,806 tons.
Ore Mined	109,374 tons.
Less Waste sorted out (18'558 per cent.)	20,298 tons.
	89,076 tons.

MILL.

Tons Delivered	89,076 tons.
Less added to Stock in Mill Bins	276 tons.
Tons Crushed	88,800 tons.
Number of days (24 hours) working an average of 200 stamps	85½ days.
Tons crushed per stamp per 24 hours	5'203 tons.
Tons in Mill Bins on 30th June, 1899	1,282 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	25,840'396 ozs.
Yield per Ton in Fine Gold	5'819 dwts.

CYANIDE WORKS.

SANDS AND CONCENTRATES.

Tons Sands and Concentrates treated (equal to 72'621 per cent. of the tonnage milled)	64,488 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	16,411'608 ozs.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated	5'089 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	3'696 dwts.

SLIMES.

Tons Slimes treated (equal to 26'240 per cent. of the tonnage milled)	23,302 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	2,639'008 ozs.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated	2'285 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	594 dwts.

TOTAL YIELD.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources	44,891'012 ozs.
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	10'119 dwts.
Total Yield in Bullion Gold from all sources	31,068'428 ozs.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 88,800 tons milled.

Dr.	Cost.	Cost per Ton.
To Mining Expenses	£63,492 13 0	£0 14 3'602
" Milling Expenses	13,744 4 0	0 3 1'146
" Cyaniding Expenses	13,849 19 7	0 3 1'432
" General Expenses	2,895 13 4	0 0 7'826
" Head Office Expenses	1,115 1 11	0 0 3'084
	95,097 11 10	1 1 5'020
" Profit	91,805 4 2	1 0 8'122
	£186,902 16 0	2 2 1'142

Cr.	Value.	Value per Ton.
By Gold Account—		
Mill	£107,676 12 11	£1 4 3'018
Cyanide Works	79,226 3 1	0 17 10'124
	£186,902 16 0	2 2 1'142

NOTE.—A portion of the above profit is subject to the new tax of 5 per cent. which has been imposed by the Government of the South African Republic.

GENERAL.

The Capital Expenditure for the period under review has amounted to £4,263 18s. 3d.

An Interim Dividend—No. 2—of 40 per cent. was declared on 8th June for the half-year ending 30th June, 1899, and will be payable on 4th August, 1899, from the London and Johannesburg Offices, to Shareholders registered in the Company's Books on 30th June, 1899, and to holders of Coupon No. 2 attached to Share Warrants to Bearer.

By order of the Board,

F. RALEIGH,

SECRETARY.

Head Office, Johannesburg,

July, 1899.

The Geldenhuis Estate & Gold Mining Company

(ELANDSFONTEIN No. 1) LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - - - £200,000.

DIRECTORATE:

W. H. ROGERS, *Chairman* (alternate H. A. ROGERS).

E. BOUCHER.

PAUL DREYFUS (alternate J. L. BERGSON).

W. F. LANCE (alternate A. HERSHENSOHN).

P. GERLICH (alternate J. L. KUHLMANN).

HEAD OFFICE: Grusonwerk Buildings, Johannesburg, P.O. Box 413.

LONDON OFFICE: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

REPORT FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1899.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamps.

Milled, 18,762 Tons.

WORKING EXPENSES.

	Cost.	Cost per ton.
To Mining	£6,437 4 3	6s. 10 ² / ₁₆ d.
" Hauling and Pumping	424 15 0	os. 5 ⁴ / ₃₂ d.
" Sorting, Trimming and Crushing	578 0 10	os. 7 ³⁰ / ₁₆ d.
" Development	1,070 5 6	1s. 1 ⁶⁰ / ₁₆ d.
" Milling	1,523 11 11	1s. 7 ⁴⁰ / ₁₆ d.
" Cyaniding Concentrates	233 5 3	os. 2 ⁹⁸ / ₁₆ d.
" " Tailings	1,512 11 3	1s. 7 ³⁴ / ₁₆ d.
" Mill Water Supply	238 15 6	os. 3 ⁰⁵ / ₁₆ d.
" Maintenance	3,182 17 8	3s. 4 ⁷¹ / ₁₆ d.
" Charges	616 14 4	os. 7 ⁸⁸ / ₁₆ d.
" Slimes Treatment (current)	560 15 8	os. 7 ¹⁷ / ₁₆ d.
" Slimes Treatment (accumulated)	16,368 17 2	17s. 5 ³⁸ / ₁₆ d.
" Profit for Month	16,687 16 9	17s. 9 ⁴⁶ / ₁₆ d.
	26,216 7 7	27s. 11 ³⁵ / ₁₆ d.
	£42,904 4 4	45s. 8 ⁸² / ₁₆ d.

REVENUE.

	Value.	Value per ton.
y Gold from Mill		
7,207 ⁴⁰ / ₁₆ ozs., valued	£26,325 0 0	28s. 0 ⁷⁴ / ₁₆ d.
From Tailings—		
2,774 ³⁵ / ₁₆ ozs., valued	9,545 10 0	10s. 2 ¹⁰ / ₁₆ d.
From Concentrates—		
787 ⁵⁰ / ₁₆ ozs., valued	2,704 20 0	2s. 10 ⁵⁹ / ₁₆ d.
From Slimes (current)—		
513 ⁴¹ / ₁₆ ozs., valued	1,892 10 0	2s. 0 ²⁰ / ₁₆ d.
By Products treated—		
19 ⁴⁰ / ₁₆ ozs., valued	71 10 0	os. 0 ⁹¹ / ₁₆ d.
By Products sold—		
517 ⁰⁰ / ₁₆ ozs. (fine) realised	1,636 4 4	1s. 8 ⁹³ / ₁₆ d.
From Slimes (accumulated)—		
198 ⁰⁷ / ₁₆ ozs., valued	42,175 4 4	44s. 11 ⁴⁹ / ₁₆ d.
	729 0 0	os. 9 ³² / ₁₆ d.
	£42,904 4 4	45s. 8 ⁸² / ₁₆ d.

The Cost and Value per Ton are worked out on the basis of the Tonnage Milled.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE (including Capital Expenditure).

To Working Expenses (as above)	£16,687 16 9
" Slimes Plant	1,832 18 2
" Furniture	64 0 11
" Plant, General	1,247 2 11
" Rock Drill Plant	97 10 0
" Battery	610 0 0
" General Electric Plant	75 0 0
" Tram Plant	94 1 8
" Live Stock	35 0 0
" Balance	20,743 10 5
	22,160 13 11
	£42,904 4 4
By Gold from Mill, Tailings, Concentrates and Slimes, &c., valued	£42,904 4 4

MINE DEVELOPMENT.

Drives	63 feet.
Sinking Winzes	11 "
Total footage for month	74 "
The ore developed by the above footage was	43,894 tons.

SORTING.

Ore raised from the Mine	25,516 tons.
Waste sorted out (equal to 26 ⁴² / ₁₆ per cent.)	6,742 "
Sorted ore sent to mill	18,774 "
Ore in bins at Battery 1st June	1,916 "
Ore crushed for June	20,690 "
Balance in bins 1st July	18,762 "
	1,928 "

MILL.

120 Stamps ran 29 days 12 hours crushing	18,762 tons.
Tons crushed per Stamp per 24 hours	5 ²⁹ / ₁₆ "
Bullion yield	7,207 ⁴⁰ / ₁₆ ozs.
Bullion yield per ton	7 ⁰⁸ / ₁₆ dwts.

CYANIDE WORKS.

Tons treated	Tailings, 12,357	Concentrates 1,400
Bullion yield	2,774 ³⁵ / ₁₆ ozs.	787 ⁵⁰ / ₁₆ ozs.
Bullion yield per ton	4 ⁴⁹ / ₁₆ dwts.	11 ²⁵ / ₁₆ dwts.
Working cost per ton treated	s. d.	s. d.
	2 5 ³⁷ / ₁₆	3 3 ⁹⁸ / ₁₆

SLIMES PLANT.

Tons treated	Current, 4,645 tons	Accumulated, 1,792 tons.
Bullion yield	513 ⁴¹ / ₁₆ ozs.	198 ⁰⁷ / ₁₆ ozs.
Bullion yield per ton	2 ²¹ / ₁₆ dwts.	2 ²¹ / ₁₆ dwts.
Working cost per ton treated	s. d.	s. d.
	2 4 ⁹⁷ / ₁₆	3 6 ⁷² / ₁₆

The erection of the additional Settling Tanks for accumulated Slimes has been completed, but on account of not being water-tight they have not yet been taken over from the Contractors.

TOTAL YIELD.

	Bullion.	Fine Gold.	Per Ton crushed, Fine Gold.
	ozs.	ozs.	dwts. grains.
Mill	18,762	7,207 ⁴⁰ / ₁₆	6 15 ³⁸ / ₁₆
Cyanide (Tailings)	12,357	2,774 ³⁵ / ₁₆	2 9 ⁹⁷ / ₁₆
" (Concentrates)	1,400	787 ⁵⁰ / ₁₆	0 16 ⁴³ / ₁₆
Slimes (Current)	4,645	513 ⁴¹ / ₁₆	0 11 ⁴⁹ / ₁₆
Slimes (Accumulated)	1 ⁷⁹²	11,282 ⁷⁵ / ₁₆	10 5 ⁷⁷ / ₁₆
		198 ⁰⁷ / ₁₆	0 4 ⁴³ / ₁₆
		11,480 ⁸² / ₁₆	10 10 ²⁰ / ₁₆

In addition to the above, Cyanide Slags were treated containing 19⁴⁰/₁₆ ozs. of Bullion, equal to 17⁰⁰/₁₆ ozs. Fine Gold, and other By-products, viz.:—Black Sands, Pots and Liners, Anode Bags, Pot Scrapings, &c., were sold, which contained 517 ozs. Fine Gold.

MAY YIELD.

	Bullion.	Fine Gold.	Per Ton crushed, Fine Gold.
	ozs.	ozs.	dwts. grains.
Mill	19,136	7,435 ⁵⁹ / ₁₆	6 17 ⁴² / ₁₆
Cyanide (Tailings)	13,038	2,893 ⁴³ / ₁₆	2 11 ⁹² / ₁₆
" (Concentrates)	1,400	848 ¹⁰ / ₁₆	0 17 ⁵⁶ / ₁₆
Slimes (Current)	4,615	721 ⁹² / ₁₆	0 15 ⁵⁸ / ₁₆
Slimes (Accumulated)	1,614	11,899 ⁰⁴ / ₁₆	10 14 ⁴⁸ / ₁₆
		252 ⁴⁸ / ₁₆	0 5 ⁴⁵ / ₁₆
		12,151 ⁵² / ₁₆	10 19 ⁹³ / ₁₆

In addition to the above, Cyanide Slags were treated containing 43⁶⁰/₁₆ ozs. of Bullion, equal to 37⁵⁰/₁₆ ozs. Fine Gold.

A Dividend—No. 15—of 50 per cent. was declared during the month payable to all Shareholders registered on the 30th June, 1899, and will be paid to European Shareholders from the London Office and to South African Shareholders from the Head Office immediately after receipt of the transfer returns to the above date by the respective offices.

It is anticipated that the Warrants will be in Shareholders' hands about the first week in August.

The Coupon—No. 15—in respect of the Dividend was payable on the 10th inst.

P. C. HAW, Secretary.

JOHANNESBURG, 13th July, 1899.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

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